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New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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AUG 5 1957

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J. B. Priestley

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Paul Johnson

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Seeing What It's Like

'ARE you Communists or fellow-travellers?' 'No, we're fellow-musicians, and we're going just to see what it's like.' Richard Dimbleby on *Panorama* this week was questioning a British skiffle group which, somewhat improbably, is off to Moscow to attend this year's Festival of Youth and Students for Peace and Friendship. At this time of year a regular migration sets in—composed very largely of young people—as the subsidised trips to Russia and the satellites get under way. Some are organised as group tours, some as 'festivals' or 'conferences'. All have one purpose in common: they are carefully planned and very costly propaganda for the Communist way of life.

Are they for that reason to be boycotted? Naturally, the British government, and most of the youth organisations which conform with the establishment, seek to discourage British attendance at these jamborees. As the Foreign Secretary said in answer to a parliamentary question, 'This festival . . . like the five preceding World Youth Festivals . . . is intended to exploit young people for the purpose of international Communist propaganda'. But the problem is not quite so simple. When all the dangers and disadvantages are frankly faced, is it not worth a good deal to break down the barriers which have existed between the rest of the world and the Soviet Union? As non-Communists we cannot have it both ways: either we give up attempts to penetrate the iron curtain and show something of our own way of life to the Soviet people, or we accept the risk that in doing so we may furnish some grist to the Soviet propaganda mill.

For our part we think the risk worth taking, provided its nature is understood. Nothing has so strengthened the tyranny of Communism as its monolithic isolation; and nothing does more to betray the friends of liberty and progress inside Russia than that foreign visitors should be limited to covies of dewy-eyed comrades organised by the British and French Communist Parties. By supping with the devil we may even improve his manners; so let us see what sort of a long spoon reasonable prudence demands.

First, we believe, everybody who goes on a subsidised trip to a Communist country should understand that he is given the opportunity because the Communists think he can be useful to them. Secondly, it is worth reflecting that the object of this sort of propaganda is not so much to send back newly-converted Marxists as to soften the visitor's attitude towards existing Russian Communism: if a young man sees for himself convincing evidence that the Rothermere newspapers, for example, publish a good deal of unfair and absurd propaganda about Russia, he is more likely to be sceptical about the real evils of the system, which in any case he won't easily see. The third point is that the Communist authorities are quite capable of deliberate faking. In the past, for instance, shops have been specially stocked for the duration of the festival with consumer goods, which had not been seen before and which were removed the minute the visitors went home. Fourthly, it must be remembered that western European guests are mainly of interest to their Soviet hosts as bait for more politically valuable fish from Asia and Africa.

It follows surely from all this that to make such visits *just* 'to see what it's like' is to play the Russian game. There is no part for a gormless neutral in such a carefully organised circus: once the invitation is accepted, the responsibility of choice is also accepted—either to play in with the Russians or to stand up firmly for some other creed. Every visitor can demonstrate to his hosts his belief that our standards of welfare and political organisation are different from and, in most respects, better than those of the Russians.

Time was—and not so long ago—when this much freedom of conversation would have been liable to land one's host or one's interpreter in serious trouble. We believe that this is not the case now, at least in the Soviet Union itself. It is just because the mould of tyranny and xenophobia is cracked that it is worth redoubling our efforts to demonstrate to Soviet youth that better models exist. The interchange of visits, even officially organised, can help in this—but only if every visitor realises that, while to his friends at home he may be just a bearded skiffler, to his Russian hosts he is a British delegate—there not to 'see what it's like', but to see what they like.

Comments on the Week's News

Franco the Kingmaker

Last week Spain was shaken by two events. For the first time the Cortes refused unanimous approval of a government bill – providing for an extension of technical education – and insisted on a division; although the bill was passed, 49 deputies voted against it and 120 abstained. Secondly, Admiral Carrero Blanco, the deputy Premier in the new Spanish government, informed the Cortes that provision had been made for the reintroduction of a 'traditional' monarchy during the lifetime of the Franco regime. The two events are not, perhaps, unconnected. The growing political ferment in Spain, which led to the major government reshuffle in February, and has since obliged Franco to take punitive action against both the Falange and the Catholic centre, has been caused, in part, by uncertainty about the future. In recent weeks, *ABC*, which is pro-monarchist, has engaged in a furious exchange of views with the Falangist organ *Arriba*, which is republican; and a number of political personalities have been tentatively taking sides. Blanco's speech, clearly made with Franco's approval, should put an end to doubt; the type of monarchy he described – 'on the lines of that of Ferdinand and Isabella' – corresponds closely with the monarchical concept recently outlined by Count Ruisenada in a long article in *ABC*. The king would be a semi-authoritarian ruler, governing with the help of a council appointed by the Church, the Cortes and other bodies, and empowered to appoint a prime minister irrespective of the wishes of the Cortes. This concept has been fostered by the Catholic lay organisation known as Opus Dei, whose power has grown steadily in recent years, and which was the chief beneficiary of the February reshuffle. Blanco's speech suggests that Opus Dei is now virtually in control of the government. But it also hints that Franco is sufficiently unsure of his position, and of a restored monarchy's chances of survival, to be preparing a solution in which, for a period of years at any rate, he and the king will govern in conjunction.

No Change in Cyprus

Monday's debate has failed to clear up the mystery of the government's Cyprus policy. The release of Makarios made sense only on the assumption that the government was going to resume its negotiations with him and end the state of emergency. Neither has happened, and the government has totally failed to exploit the notatable lowering of tension on the island. Further, it is now obvious that Mr Sandys is going ahead with his plans to transfer the Middle East base from Cyprus to East Africa, and that the arguments previously used to justify Cyprus being treated as a 'special' colony, which could 'never' hope to receive complete independence, no longer apply. It is difficult to see, therefore, what is holding the government back, apart from the fear of a certain section of its supporters which, as the Salisbury incident showed, is hardly justified. It is possible, of course, that Lennox-Boyd is contemplating some form of partition. He has already said that 'the possibility cannot be ruled out'; and many of his supporters would positively welcome it. There is a Tory myth that the Turks will not accept Enosis in any circumstances and that we should do anything rather than risk a breach with Turkey. But what are the facts? The Turkish-Cypriots form only 17½ per cent of the population, thinly scattered throughout the island. In no district do they constitute a majority. There is no evidence that the Turkish people are strongly concerned about Cyprus; certainly there is no equivalent in Turkey to the Enosis movement in Greece. In political terms, therefore, there is no real reason why the Turkish government should not accept self-determination, provided the rights of the Turkish-Cypriot minority are guaranteed. The danger is that the indecision of the British government may lead to such a deterioration in the relations between the two communities in Cyprus that partition becomes inevitable. Labour spokesmen, therefore, were right to make it plain during the debate that Labour will not contemplate partition under any conditions, and to repeat that Labour policy is to grant immediate self-government to be followed by self-determination after an agreed period.

Bogus Freedom

Mr Brooke continues to sap and mine under the finances of local authorities. The latest White Paper may declare that the aim of the new policy is to increase the independence of local government, at present weakened by the 'aggravated amount of central checking and control' inseparable from the system of percentage grants. Yet the Lees committee has shown that it is untrue that percentage grants are responsible for increased central control of local government. It is not the form of Exchequer grants that counts, but the amount. It is true that block grants may allow more freedom to local authorities to spend the money they receive from the Exchequer as they choose. This means only that those authorities which dislike spending money on social services will find it easier to avoid doing so. The financial position of progressive local authorities will actually be worsened. The effect of the White Paper will be to freeze the amount they receive from the Exchequer; at the same time re-rating arrangements have reduced the amount they can expect to collect for themselves. Behind a smokescreen of platitudes the government is trying to put the blame for a cut in the social services on to the local authorities. They are being emasculated, not liberated.

Covent Garden Stops Work

The stoppage of work in Covent Garden market is a serious matter because of the perishable nature of most of the produce and because London largely depends on it for its supplies of vegetables and fruit. This week's stoppage – described as a lock-out by the men and by the employers as a strike – arises out of the latter's attempt to re-deploy the labour force by amalgamating the three separate groups of workers – the pitchers (who unload), the staff men (who sort and stack), and the porters who load the departing vehicles. The employers' principal object is to get rid of the pitchers' monopoly of unloading, which they allege is responsible for long delays, by pooling the three grades. The dispute began with negotiations which broke down; the Ministry of Labour then appointed an arbitrator who gave a decision in the employers' favour. But on Monday, when his award was due to come into operation, the men refused to work under the new conditions until instructed to do so by their union, the Transport and General Workers. They also alleged that the new conditions the employers were trying to impose were not in conformity with the award. There has been almost continuous trouble at Covent Garden since the existing arrangements for unloading produce were agreed upon ten years ago; and it has always been difficult for outsiders to judge the rights and wrongs of the repeated disputes. On the face of the matter there seems to be much to be said for getting rid of the rigid demarcation of work between three groups, but the men are undoubtedly strongly attached to it. The employers assert that the leaders, who are now resisting the changes, have bound themselves in advance to accept the arbitrator's award; but it does not appear that they had a mandate for doing so from the workers affected. Unless a settlement has been reached before these words appear in print, Londoners are likely to be facing a severe shortage of fruit and vegetables; for though officials are doing what they can to get goods loaded and dispatched, they can at most handle only a small proportion of the normal turnover.

Dr. Hill's Bill

This week's White Paper assigns the overseas information services an exalted role. They contribute to British influence and prosperity, even to the 'defence of the free world'. It is disappointing, then, that at what may turn out to be key points, the government should seem to fumble. The cost of the services will increase by 15 per cent.: no date is given when this is likely to happen – only the promise that 'the larger figure is unlikely to be reached for some time'. The paragraph headed 'Future Co-ordination' informs us only that there will be no 'encroachment on the responsibility of individual ministers', and no Ministry of Information. It does not say in more positive terms what will be done. The government is wise to favour an experimental approach – but will a 'light programme, commercial in character' really help very much to defend the free world in the Middle East? Wartime experience suggests that the most effective propaganda is the presentation of the simple truth, rather than an attempt to talk down. Otherwise, the White Paper is welcome. Sensibly, it assumes that information services should frankly be based on political and economic considerations. The main expansion in services is scheduled for those to key areas like the Middle East and India. The west European programmes of the BBC will be cut down – and not unreasonably – but the time spent on broadcasts in Arabic will be doubled. Best of all, the government has recognised the importance of the less overtly propagandist activities of the British Council. The charge that it is unduly concerned with culture is dismissed – and there is even to be a slight increase in expenditure on drama. Recruitment of teachers to teach English abroad will be stimulated, and there will be scholarships to help foreign students to learn English in this country. The Council's services to students and visitors to Britain will be improved. Indeed, the only general criticism of the White Paper is that the increases in services may still be too small – on £15m. a year the voice of Britain is still far from raucous.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Moscow

How It Happened

A Special Correspondent writes: How accurate is Krushchev's account of the recent crisis? The following details, received from an exceptionally well-informed source, seem to confirm his version in its essentials. It was Molotov who launched the attack – not at first in the party apparatus but in the Council of Ministers. This happened while the Prime Minister was in Finland and Pervukhin was acting chairman. Molotov, as Minister of State Control, had been sending in proposals to the Council of Ministers and they had been completely ignored. However, on this occasion he managed to get a question concerning the timber industry on the agenda. When it came to be discussed it was found to be a covert attack on Krushchev and this at once created an atmosphere of extreme tension in political circles.

Before the historic meeting of the Party Praesidium, the rebels met in Bulganin's office and, it seems, obtained his support; but when they sought similar support from Zhukov he refused. They planned to elect Molotov as party secretary and downgrade Krushchev to Minister of Agriculture. They were particularly anxious to replace Serov as head of Security. During the Praesidium discussions, Bulganin, Pervukhin and Saburov were all in the anti-Krushchev majority. But while this meeting was in progress, a group of military members on the Central Committee demanded to see Zhukov and asked him what was happening. At that stage he was not in a position to tell them. Many other CC members also turned up and asked what was going on. There were even attempts to force a way into the place where the Praesidium was wrangling. There seems little doubt that CC members resented the idea that vital decisions were being taken above their heads by the Praesidium 'in the old way', and that this was one of the reasons why the rebels found themselves isolated in the eventual CC meeting. To that extent, the events might be interpreted as a protest against Praesidium dictation on the part of the CC. Certainly that is how the situation is being presented to the party today. It seems extraordinary that the rebels should have imagined they could get away with flaunting the party rules by using a vote in the Praesidium alone to remove Krushchev; but there it is – perhaps they were deluded by their own 'Stalinist' methods of thinking. Perhaps, too, we can see signs of something healthy in the CC's insistence on 'democracy'.

Sixty people spoke at the CC. Language was very heated, and there was much hearty swearing. But Aristov resisted attacks on Molotov and his allies as 'unprincipled'; the trouble, he said, was that the rebels *had* principles, and it was precisely this which made them so dangerous. The party *aktivs* were given a full day-by-day account of events (another new feature). During one of these meetings, Furtseva dealt with the question of the guilt of the party leaders for the crimes of Stalin. She said that care must be taken at this stage not to raise the question of how far Stalin's lieutenants were implicated in the crimes of the past because a commission was still working on the whole matter. 'We are all guilty in various degrees,' she said, 'for when we voted for the expulsion of a party member in those days we knew very well what it meant. But some people are guiltier than others and only time and careful investigation will reveal this.' It is typical of Krushchev that he immediately ignored this warning by referring to Malenkov's 'guilt' in the Leningrad affair.

Sooner or later, we shall probably have some revelations on the share of Stalin's chief lieutenants in his crimes. Krushchev seems to be pretty confident that his own record is far cleaner than many others. At a meeting of a Moscow *aktiv*, Furtseva went so far as to raise the question of Krushchev's share in past crimes. It would not be surprising if Krushchev were suddenly to produce a trump card to clear himself of suspicions. Bulganin's position is very peculiar. He, like Saburov and Pervukhin, changed sides between the Praesidium and the CC meeting. No secret has been made of this in reports to party *aktivs* or even in the long telegrams sent a few days ago to fraternal parties, explaining what happened.

New York

The Fall

'There is a trend in the Soviet Union to somewhat greater personal freedom, somewhat greater freedom of expression,' Secretary of State Dulles told reporters on 3 July. On 4 July three top Russian overseers, publicly stripped of their hammers and sickles, were heaved out of the 'collective leadership' for opposing Krushchev, now presumably the sole collective leader. For Malenkov the trend to freedom consists in being banished to eastern Kazakhstan, just this side of the moon, instead of being shot; but viewing the affair as a whole, Dulles feels confirmed in his belief that Communist despotisms 'are not as unchangeable as they sometimes appear'.

How much there is in the Dulles thesis is still a matter for lively speculation here, since, as the Air Force Chief of Staff, General Twining, remarked on his return from Moscow a while ago, 'Nobody is an expert on Russia; there are only varying degrees of ignorance'. Nevertheless, initial American reaction to the fall from grace of such Bolshevik archangels as Malenkov, Molotov, and Kaganovich was distinctly gleeful. James C. Hagerty, White House Press Secretary, is reported to have grinned broadly when asked for comment, and an air of mild hopefulness was reflected in the early reports. Primarily, and not illogically, the feeling seemed to be that in the latest Kremlin scuffle victory had gone to the faction that at least made gestures in the direction of easing international tensions, even if it was guilty of the monstrous crime of Hungary. It was deemed noteworthy that the ousted men were being damned not for some Byzantine murder plot, as they would have been in Stalin's day (though a bit of killing did enter into the indictment), but for having hampered efforts to 'promote universal peace' and 'peaceful coexistence'. This would seem at the very least to be an encouraging indication of how Krushchev reads the temper of his country. As the week progressed, however, the early optimism faded into a sceptical wait-and-see attitude. Certainly Krushchev himself did little to nourish hopes of a marked shift in Soviet policy. His visit to Prague, which some observers here believed would result in a purge of the most unreconstructed Stalinists still left in power, was marked only by bouquets and compliments. Little, if any, headway was made in the disarmament talks, routine denunciations of American policy in Asia continued on schedule, and Krushchev himself won few new admirers here by remarking that President Eisenhower 'talks stupidities' concerning the hydrogen bomb.

Even before this diplomatic sally, the State Department had run up a flag of caution. 'The proof of the pudding,' said its press officer, with more point than originality, 'is in the eating.' We should wait to see 'whether the Soviet Union will now proceed with practical measures directed toward achieving just solutions to such important international problems as disarmament and German ratification'. From the Senate came an even cooler blast of air. The purge, Hubert Humphrey warned, was only part of the Soviet design to present to the world a face of 'sweet reasonableness'. Our job would now be all the 'tougher', he added, scolding the Administration for its 'week-end complacency'. The State Department's experts, as distinguished from its spokesmen, have been keeping very quiet, taking into account among other things the fact that the Moscow scuffle could hardly have been on policy alone, since what Malenkov and Molotov have primarily had in common was less a line of policy than an aversion to Krushchev.

Perhaps the most surprising aspect of the American reaction has been the failure so far to make any use of the rich advantage presented to the West on the propaganda front. To visualise the opportunity, one has only to imagine what the Russians would do if Eisenhower were suddenly to sack Dulles, Wilson, and Admiral Radford on the charge that they had all along been sabotaging the peace of the world. With an admission like that, the Kremlin would by now have driven home the point to half the peasants of Asia and all the neutralists of Europe.

ROBERT BENDINER

Brunei

Constitutions in Borneo

A Correspondent writes: One day in August, or maybe in September, Mr Azahari from Brunei will knock at the door of the Colonial Office. And most people will ask who is Mr Azahari and where is Brunei? Azahari is a young Malay, aged about 28, the president of the one-year-old People's Party, and Brunei is a British protectorate which, together with the colonies of North Borneo and Sarawak, forms the tip of that vast almond-shaped island of Borneo. (The remainder, and by far the larger part of it, belongs to Indonesia and is now known as Kalimantan.) The Brunei People's Party emerged as a new factor in the life of the protectorate last March. At the present moment it is busily engaged drafting a 'Merdeka' (*Independence*) memorandum with the help of Mr Walter Raeburn, Q.C. It is this Merdeka memorandum which will be presented to the Colonial Office in some weeks' time. When Mr Raeburn arrived at Brunei Airport three weeks

NEXT WEEK

Bitter Lemons

KINGSLEY MARTIN

reviews Lawrence Durrell's book

John Berger

writes on visual arts in the schools

ago, he was given a reception that any British Resident might envy. First his party was escorted into Brunei town by a long 'motorcade'. Then there was a 'welcome' rally which was attended by an estimated 10,000 supporters of the People's Party, who overflowed the cinema and packed a field nearby. Mr Raeburn modestly announced that he had come as a lawyer, and that he knew nothing about politics.

The ideal that is now being put into constitutional shape is, of course, a Brunei version of Merdeka, in this case an elected state council to replace the present semi-hereditary and nominated body. More than two years ago, the Sultan announced his intention of granting the state a new constitution, and after the leisurely fashion of Sultans and their British rulers, a plan was announced in March of this year. The Sultan's proposal was that the people of Brunei should elect a district council for each administrative district and that these councils should in turn elect from among their members a panel of 22 candidates for state council membership. Then the Sultan would make a final selection of ten from among these 22 nominees. This would give the state council a 50 per cent. semi-hereditary or government-nominated composition (the present members) and 50 per cent representation from among the people—the ten new members. The Sultan himself and the British resident are state council members *ex officio*.

No sooner had the Sultan taken steps to announce his plan than the Brunei People's Party held an emergency meeting which demanded that the people's elected representatives on the state council should form 75 per cent. of its members; that the people's representatives should be chosen by direct election among the people themselves; that an election enactment should be drawn up to regulate the proposed free elections, this work to be undertaken by a committee 'embodying 60 cent. People's Party representatives and 40 per cent. government representatives'; and that there should be certain financial changes.

At the moment in this rich protectorate, which produces 114,000 barrels of oil daily (the state draws about £10,500,000 annually from a 12½ per cent. royalty and a company tax of 30 per cent. of net profit), two constitutions are being drafted; one officially to implement the Sultan's plans, the other, by the People's Party aided by a Socialist lawyer from Britain.

Westminster

Form G-Men

It is a safe bet that up to 3.30 on Monday afternoon the Prime Minister had never heard of Form G. In the quarter of an hour that followed both he and his ministerial colleagues heard plenty, thanks to the initiative of Mr Arthur Lewis. The Tory benches look upon Mr Lewis as a political lightweight, and scoring off him is a favourite ministerial pastime. The fire he directs at the government front bench is unremitting, but he is often wide of the target and some of his missiles turn out to be boomerangs.

A tenant wishing to obtain a certificate of disrepair and so avoid an increase of rent under the new Rent Act has to apply on a form prescribed by the Minister of Housing and Local Government, known as Form G. During the passage of the Bill the Minister, Mr Henry Brooke, gave an assurance that the forms would be available to all who needed them through stationers and booksellers. The Rent Act is now in force and tenants in Mr Lewis's constituency—and, as members popped up to say, in many other places—were finding it impossible to get hold of any forms. Morover, the cost of a Form G was sixpence plus purchase tax. Faced with a complaint of this nature most members would have tabled a question to the responsible minister. Mr Lewis, however, is a man of resource. Without warning anyone he asked instead for an immediate debate under Standing Order 9, which provides for the adjournment of the House on 'a definite matter of urgent public importance'. The granting or refusal of a debate lies in the Speaker's discretion and no one, least of all Mr Lewis, expected him to fall for the manœuvre. Nor did he do so. Other Labour members stressed the urgency and the importance, but Mr Speaker remained unconvinced. At this point, Mr Gaitskell, probably discerning the flicker of uneasiness on Mr Macmillan's face, decided to jump in. He too had found in his constituency that Form G was unobtainable. It was a shocking thing and warranted immediate debate. The House was becoming excited and the Prime Minister's anxiety was now obvious. There was no sign of Mr Brooke, who was doubtless at his ministry window taking a last look at the distant prospect of the St James's Theatre. Mr. Butler reluctantly rose, dithered and satisfied nobody. The Speaker went into reverse and promised to consider the whole matter. By now Form G had become, for Labour members, symbolic of the vicious Rent Act. The row gathered momentum. Mr Herbert Morrison demanded that a statement be made next day, Mr Gaitskell supported him. In the end Mr Butler bowed to the storm.

The sequel to this episode landed the government in further trouble. Mr Henry Brooke was given a notably uncomfortable 20 minutes on Tuesday when he tried to explain away the scarcity of Form G. His statutory responsibility was to prescribe the forms, not to provide them, though he had taken steps to improve the distribution. This hair-splitting exasperated the House. Mr Brooke has the kind of ingratiating manner that ought to disarm opposition, but only succeeds in provoking it. Not a single Tory came to his defence and one or two joined in the assault. Acute embarrassment gripped the rest. Why could not the forms be made available free at post offices and town halls? Why did they cost more than sixpence when Transport House, as Miss Alice Bacon revealed, were printing quantities to meet the shortage at a cost of less than a penny each, including purchase tax? Mr Brooke's flat-footed replies merely raised the temperature. When he finally sat down, flushed but impenitent, the shouts of 'Resign!' had none of their usual jocular ring.

The Conservative campaign against the nationalised industries is moving into top gear. The National Coal Board has always been the object of special denigration, and this week brought a concerted barrage of questions from the Tory fuel and power group on the increase in coal prices. Always to the fore on these occasions is the pachydermatous Mr Nabarro, whose supplementaries give him such intense and unconcealed satisfaction. Defending the nationalised industries is a perilous task for a Conservative minister, and Mr Reginald Maudling must often reflect upon the fate of his predecessors. He is, however, a pretty performer on a political tightrope. Without actually repudiating Mr Nabarro and his herd, he paid just sufficient tribute to the Coal Board and the work of the miners to keep the unions sweet and deflect the anger of the ex-miners on the Labour benches.

KENNETH ROBINSON

Technocrats or Socialists?

LABOUR'S new policy statements on public ownership are not a clear and direct expression of the view of Mr Gaitskell, Mr Crosland and the group of 'new thinkers' who wrote *Twentieth Century Socialism*: the compromises of committee work have blurred the edges sufficiently for different interpretations to be read into the carefully drafted phrases. But the policies bear the imprint of the 'new thinkers' rather than of any other group within the movement. For *Public Enterprise* and *Industry and Society* give no mandate for anything but a limited and most cautious extension of social ownership by the next Labour government. There are, it is true, definite pledges to re-nationalise steel and road haulage. But these were given before the study groups set to work. And, in the absence of other specific pledges or of a timetable, it is a delusion to believe that a Labour government—deeply committed to complex housing and pension reforms—will add any avoidable projects to the legislative, financial and administrative obligations already assumed.

No one, of course, would suggest that Labour should go on mechanically applying the techniques of the past merely to prove that it is still a 'Socialist' party. It is perfectly right that the national executive and its expert advisers should examine the changes that have taken place in British capitalism in recent years and devise policies that take account of these changes. But, in substance, this new policy is an attempt to come to terms with capitalism, not to replace it with a different form of social organisation. And it is this approach that is responsible for the central weakness in *Industry and Society*: its conclusions are preconceived, and they do not match the analysis that precedes them.

The most interesting point in this pamphlet is its demonstration that British industry is now dominated by about 500 large firms, each with assets of at least £2.5m., which together account for about half the profits made by private industry and yield about four-fifths of the total capital gains of stock companies. In such concerns, the divorce of management from ownership is far advanced: their price, profit and investment policies are determined by professional managers with little or no reference to the nominal owners. The experience of the Volkswagen company, and of the Steel Company of Wales during its twilight life between state and private ownership, illustrate this condition admirably. They could go on just as well without shareholders as with them. Such firms as the big petrol, chemical and automobile companies do not even need shareholders to raise fresh capital or spread their risks. They are mostly too big to run serious risks, and they can raise what new capital they need from their own resources or from insurance firms and investment trusts. The result is that the original shareholders have little more than a claim on the profits and the capital appreciation of enterprises which, in other respects, are run in very much the same way as the public corporations.

This is true enough. But then the pamphlet goes on to discuss the future of these large firms. Nationalise them? Why bother, when for the most part 'they are serving the nation well'. What then? Perhaps there should be a revision of the Companies' Acts to ensure that they are acting 'in conformity with the needs and interests of the nation'. But something more is needed, as the authors of *Industry and Society* recognise, because the private shareholdings in these companies are one of the causes of inequality, and the 'privileged expenditure' of the managers—through expense accounts, educational and pension schemes, free cars, houses and so forth, is another source of class and income differences. Very well. Let the state gradually acquire common stock in these companies by accepting it as a substitute for cash payment of death duties; let the Superannuation Fund buy their equity shares as a good investment; let the Inland Revenue tighten up on tax concessions, and the next Labour government promulgate a code of 'social practices' to which employers will be expected—possibly compelled—to conform.

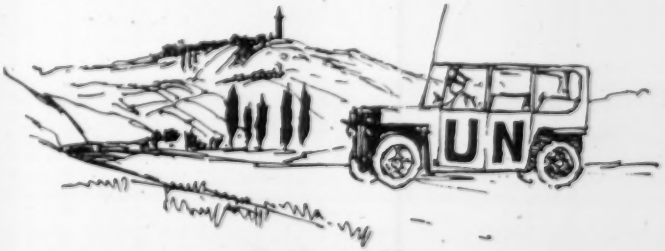
There is nothing here to worry private enterprisers unduly or to stir the spirits of 'fundamentalists' who believe that somehow Socialism involves a change in the social order. But such lame conclusions follow naturally enough from the review of the nationalised industries made in *Public Enterprise*. After long discussion with officials in these industries, the study group concerned has concluded that, broadly speaking, all is well, that some minor modifications in the relations between the public boards, parliament and the public are all that is needed. It is true that elsewhere in *Industry and Society* it is suggested that a Labour government may employ a variety of means to deal with industries that do not come up to scratch. There may be too many inefficient firms; there may be industries where capacity does not keep place with public demand or where monopolies are not 'attuning' their price, investment or development programmes to the public interest. In such cases, we are told, there may be partial or outright state ownership, state investment in equity shares, or even—the atomic energy schemes are an example—new state projects. Selective ownership and control are not a bad thing, and the experience of 1945-1950 shows that something more than negative control may be required to persuade industrialists to expand investment and production in the right direction. But it is clear that projects of this kind are intended to be small in scale and marginal to the main problem which, as the first part of *Industry and Society* rightly affirms, is what to do about the 500 large firms.

Has the Left an alternative policy? It is all very well for those who instinctively feel that this document shirks the big issue, to demand an incisive attack on 'large accumulations of economic power' wielded by non-responsible managers and technocrats. But they must recognise that instinctive dislike is not a policy, and that nationalisation pure and simple does not solve some of the crucial problems. If Labour attempted to take over any large part of this sector of 500 firms it would be dependent upon the same managers to operate the enterprises, and it would have to issue a new flood of compensation stock to compensate the present owners. And while there are strong arguments for nationalisation as a means of tighter economic control, of changing the distribution of social power, and as an instrument of equality, in one important respect the public corporation is almost indistinguishable from ICI or Unilever. There is a world of difference between technocratic paternalism (public or private) and Socialist democracy: and the Transport Commission, British Petroleum and the great steel and chemical firms are all in the first category together. The problem for Socialists is to define what 'public accountability' really means to the worker and consumer. Until the contrast between Socialism and the technocrat's paradise is understood, we may move towards greater welfare but not towards a new social order.

Israel After Suez

ACROSS the slender barbed-wire fence, a few hundred yards away, floated the blue flag of the UN; on the horizon, a smudge of black smoke marked the town of Gaza. The blonde Israeli paratrooper lieutenant shrugged his bronze shoulders. 'It's all starting again', he said philosophically. 'Exactly as we said it would. UNEF can't stop them coming in to steal our cattle and mine our roads. All it can do is to stop us coming out in return.' At the nearest kibbutz, a grim young English Socialist, six months out from London, told me: 'From November until two weeks ago, we could breathe freely. It was nice while it lasted. But from now on, it's maximum security'. Two hundred miles to the north we drove along the lonely road which marks the Syrian border. Apart from a few dishevelled sheep, a bus load of squealing schoolchildren off to a holiday camp, we saw nobody; the next day as dusk fell, Syrian snipers murdered an Israeli engineer. In Tel Aviv, papers headlined: *Egypt Gets Soviet Subs.*

Has nothing changed since Suez, then? Not on the surface. Every Arab politician to whom I talked said—more or less—the same thing. 'Until November, we always suspected Israel was an outpost of the imperialists. You laughed at us. Now the case is proved. We do not want to drive the Israelis into the sea, but we cannot accept any settlement which leaves her in a position to launch aggressive attacks on her neighbours. The UN 1947 partition plan is therefore our minimum demand.' Whilst I was in Baghdad, their terms were restated jointly by the Secretary-General of the Arab League and Nuri es-Said: Israel to take back 650,000 refugees, surrender 2,000 square kilometres of territory, and pay full compensation (estimated in Arab circles at around £250 million). These are, moreover, minimum terms; their acceptance in principle by the Israelis is a precondition for opening negotiations. The Israelis reply: 'We accepted the partition plan in 1947, when the Arabs refused it. In the light of all that has happened since, it is totally unrealistic'. The terms they canvass publicly are to take back up to 50,000 refugees, 'mutual readjustment' of boundaries, and compensation up to £100 million. From private talks, I gathered that they might, in the last resort, be prepared to take back as many as



The Mount of Olives

200,000 refugees and surrender some territory north of Jerusalem and in the Upper Jordan Valley. But these, of course, would be maximum terms; and even so the gap is unbridgable. Despite current rumours about secret talks, therefore, it seems quite clear that at present a resumption of negotiations would be fruitless.

Yet Britain cannot simply stand aside and allow the factors which led to the explosion last autumn to assert themselves again. So long as the present tension exists, the Arabs will always judge our policies in the Middle East by their degree of hostility towards Israel; the attempt of a Socialist-led Britain to become the patron and guide of Arab nationalism will almost certainly fail unless we can also make some positive contribution to a settlement of the Arab-Israeli problem. In the past we were content to hold the ring – by the Tripartite Declaration and arms control – whilst buying popularity by appeasing the Arabs at Israel's expense. The policy failed utterly, as even Sir Anthony Eden, its greatest advocate, was finally forced to admit; it simply made the problem more intractable by encouraging the Arabs to raise their demands; and in any case it is no longer acceptable to British public opinion.

What we have never attempted, however, is to get a settlement, because the first pre-condition of a settlement is the recognition by the Arabs that Israel is there to stay; and we have never dared to take the risk of forcing our Arab allies to accept this unpleasant truth. The links which bound them to us were too fragile to stand such a shock, and we knew it. If, however, our friendship can be rebuilt on the firmer ground of mutual self-interest – by the methods I outlined last week – our freedom of action in the Arab-Israeli dispute is correspondingly increased. In one important respect, moreover, the November crisis brought an eventual Arab acceptance of Israel nearer. The Arabs have always believed that if only they could obtain unlimited access to modern arms they could impose a solution by force; after the Iron Curtain arms deal, the belief became a certainty. But the Sinai campaign shattered it forever; even if the Russians rearm the Egyptian forces, the impetus of Arab military self-confidence can never be regained. But although they have lost faith in a military solution, the Arabs still believe that Israel is not economically viable and that, provided they continue and intensify the blockade, she will eventually be obliged to accept their terms. The emphasis, in short, has shifted from arms to the boycott.

Now this gives Britain her opportunity. For while, since September 1955, we have lost our power to control the arms supply, in the economic sphere we can still play a decisive role: we can break the boycott. How? First, by encouraging British firms which operate in the Middle East to stand up to Arab blackmail. Where this has been attempted in the past – all too rarely – Arab governments have always been obliged to give way. But the attempt has never been systematic or resolute because British governments have consistently refused to give a lead, or even express an opinion. This pathetic by-product of the old appeasement policy should now be liquidated, officially and publicly. Second, Britain should take steps to re-integrate Israel into the oil-shipment system of the Middle East. It may prove physically impossible to re-open the Haifa pipeline – though I doubt even this – but now that shipping, in large and increasing quantities, is using the port of Eilath, the last major obstacle to a trans-Israel pipeline has been removed. The Israelis are now negotiating with various European firms for the construction of a 30-inch line from Eilath, where tankers of up to 80,000 tons can unload at jetties, to Ashcalon, where oil would be carried to Mediterranean tankers by submarine pipeline. Regarded purely as a means to augment transit facilities of the Suez Canal, the project has much to recommend it: it would carry an annual through-put of 25 million tons at $1 per ton cheaper than the supertanker Cape route and at prices competitive with the Suez route even if dues remain stable. More importantly, however, by establishing publicly the principle that the oil companies have the right to transport Arab oil through Israeli territory – some is already being 'smuggled' to Eilath – the pipeline would deal a death-blow to the boycott.

Of course it is argued that the oil-bearing states would not accept it. My answer is that they would have no alternative but to accept it, provided the oil companies and their parent governments, above all Britain, act firmly and in conjunction. There is a growing realisation, in Baghdad for instance, that rising world demand for Middle East oil will oblige Arab governments to scrap the old principle that 'Arab oil must be transported through Arab lands'; they are still, it is true, making hostile noises at the mere mention of the northern pipeline through Turkey, which of course breaks the principle; but everyone knows that the pipeline will be built. And once this principle is abandoned, objections to transit through Israel automatically become weaker; more particularly since the producing governments are aware that, if they prove 'difficult', the companies can boost production in the Persian fields, just as in the period when Persia was being 'difficult', they boosted it in Kuweit. The Arabs dislike the idea of Arab oil flowing through Israel; but the prospect of Persian oil going there perturbs them still more. Objections from the non-oil-bearing states would, naturally, be even more vociferous; but here again, a Middle East development fund financed by a rise in royalties would play a useful role. For if it can be shown that an Israeli pipeline is a function of increased production, countries like Egypt and Syria would no longer be able to argue – as they now do with some reason – that it is not in their economic interest to end the boycott.

Orthodox Jews

There remain the Palestine refugees. So long as over 900,000 are still un-resettled – more than half of them in camps in Israel's borders – all Arabs will continue to hate the country they believe was responsible for creating the problem and which refuses to implement the UN resolution calling for repatriation. Visits to several of the camps recently convinced me that very few of the inmates wish to go back to Israel so long as it remains a non-Arab state, though many would like to return briefly in order to sell their property. In theory, they are still violently opposed to any attempt to resettle them elsewhere. But as UNRWA's director, Henri Labouisse, has often remarked, this may not represent their real views, because the Arab governments have always refused to give them a real alternative to repatriation. Moreover, they are becoming increasingly aware that the Sinai campaign has ended any chance of a return to Palestine in the wake of a conquering army. They are now in the mood to consider resettlement elsewhere. Within the next five years, I believe, Iraq will be forced, for her own internal reasons, to invite large numbers of the refugees to settle reclaimed lands in northern Mesopotamia; and the offer will be taken up. And once the refugees begin to move east, the deadlock will be broken. The real danger is that the current fall in UNRWA's income will precipitate a crisis in the meantime. For the moment, then, the most the West can do is to give UNRWA enough money to maintain, and if possible improve, its present level of services.

Most Arabs will doubtless argue that the measures I have outlined here are incompatible with a British attempt to wrest the leadership of the nationalist movement from Russia. The answer, I believe, is that the two are complementary. The Arab peoples are not merely prisoners of their feudal society; they are also prisoners of their hatred of Israel; and the two forms of servitude are organically linked. The kings, the sheikhs, the military dictators will never make peace with Israel not only because they cannot afford to take the risk, but because by doing so they would remove one of the forces which keep them in power. By compelling the Arab states to recognise the fact of Israel, British Socialism will also be compelling them to look inwards: to the festering social injustice, the vast extremes of poverty and wealth, the wastage, stagnation and disease which are the real causes of the instability and frustration of this unhappy area.

PAUL JOHNSON

London Diary

THE echoes of Dick Crossman's famous article, which seemed to be dying, are now reverberating more strongly than ever through the corridors of the House of Commons. Crossman wrote that of the 97 trade-union sponsored MPs, only four 'suggested themselves for key jobs' in Labour's next government, and named the four. At that, despite Cyprus, telephone-tapping, old age pensions, the cost of living and other preoccupations, the trade union group solemnly considered the article, and members of its executive as solemnly waited upon Crossman. Afterwards, solemn as ever, they met again to consider what they had heard and read. So far they had been no more than slightly pompous. But now the whole group has unanimously recommended the National Executive to 'take note' of Crossman's article. The National Executive cannot in fact take note of communications which come not from the Parliamentary Labour Party but from a group within it. So the incident may close on a technicality.

* * *

I have two other reflections on this affair. One is that Crossman's chief mistake was in mentioning names. Had he left his four incognito there would have been no trouble. All 97 would have thought they were included, for, in one sense of the word, almost every MP 'suggests' himself for a key job. Thinking that one ought to be Prime Minister is a childhood disease from which not all MPs have recovered even in old age. Further, if he had to make the point at all, Crossman might also have added that of the two hundred or so unsponsored MPs only about four suggest themselves for key jobs. For, in fact, few people look capable of being ministers until they have been ministers for some time. Secondly, public men seem to become thinner skinned as the years go by. Not so many years ago, John Burns called Robert Blatchford 'a yellow press scribe lying like a gas meter';

and a member of the SDF referred to Burns as 'a traitor to his class' and an 'Ananias'. No writs flew. There was no demand for apologies. All that happened was that Blatchford's colleague, Fay, challenged Burns to a single-wicket cricket match in Battersea Park, picked the SDF member as umpire and had Burns given out lbw first ball. Before anyone enters such a public profession as politics or journalism, he knows that he will have both to live in a glasshouse and to throw stones. Why then should he whimper when occasionally some of his own glass is splintered? Still worse, why should he keep crying to Mummy?

* * *

During the General Strike a train stopped between stations and after a time a young man came sauntering down the line. Did anyone in the train, he asked, know about engines? When he said that he himself was the temporary engine driver the train emptied at once. Mr Peter Thorneycroft's appearance in *Panorama* this week seems to have had much the same effect on the City. City men who had read his recent speeches had been unimpressed, but not particularly alarmed. It was, they said, merely typical of all politicians that they should sound the alarm about inflation and then shirk any responsibility for dealing with it. But when, on their TV, many of them actually saw and heard Thorneycroft for the first time they were horrified. First of all he contradicted himself. That warning he had given 'in forthright terms' a few days earlier? It wasn't to be taken too seriously. Fundamentally our position was very healthy. Then he was caught off balance by the obvious follow-up question that if our situation was so healthy would he invest his own money in gilt edged? He could only open his mouth like a gasping fish, flash a chromium-plated smile and mumble about this being a long-term question. When asked about his plans for dealing with inflation he picked a series of clichés off the shelf without bothering to dust them and quoted figures so inexactly that no one could tell what they were meant to illustrate. 'I got the impression', said a stockbroker to me, 'that here was, not the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but the brash treasurer of a seedy slate club explaining to his members that though someone had run off with the funds he would no doubt return with them before Christmas.' Wage earners would, I think, get a different but equally disagreeable impression. They would feel that they themselves were being accused of running off with the funds, that Thorneycroft's one positive idea for checking inflation was to stop them from getting any more pay. Many people have been surprised that a man with so few qualities and so little depth should rise so high in politics. The only plausible explanation has been that Thorneycroft was well groomed, that he looked brisk and competent, at any rate at a distance, that he was a 'good front'. This would naturally appeal to Mr Macmillan who, more and more, acts not as the head of a government dealing in policies but as the chairman of a publicity firm dealing in slogans. Now even this explanation is suspect; for the penetrating eye of the television camera revealed Thorneycroft as having a very poor front. The comparison between him and a hollow eggshell is no longer valid, unless one adds that the eggshell is transparent.

* * *

No one, I think, can deny Miss Vivien Leigh her courage. Even members as experienced as David Lloyd George have said that their knees knocked and butterflies fluttered in their stomachs whenever they rose to speak in the House of Commons. If they felt like that in a place where they had the right to speak, I can imagine how Miss Leigh must have felt as she tensed herself for her outburst in a place where she had no right even to whisper. Whether or not her method of protesting was silly, I admire her determination to protest, just as, a year or two back, I admired Mrs Gerald Legge for protesting against the litter in the lounge at London Airport, or as I admire anyone who, with an impatient queue fretting behind him, will protest over a badly chipped cup in a railway buffet. Unhappily, sporadic protests by a few individuals are not generally effective. Large numbers of people have persistently to make a nuisance of themselves for a long time, like the suffragettes chaining themselves to Downing Street or the Irish members lying down in the Division Lobby, before anything is changed; and most people prefer to grouse rather than to bother. When once I protested to the catering manager at a London main-line terminus about the weakness of his tea, he told me that on his own initiative he had installed those machines which measure and pour into the pot exactly the amount of tea leaves needed for a respectable brew. But his waitresses refused to use them. 'Railway travellers will put up with anything,' they said contemptuously. 'Why should we bother?' It is high time the consuming public became protestant and non-conformist once again. Their present patience is a positive vice.

'Come on, boys, here's one we forgot!'

* * *

One effect of the Covent Garden strike has been that traffic along Kingsway, through the Strand and right on to Piccadilly has been moving much more quickly, mainly because drivers can now take the alternative route through the market without risking jams caused by the manoeuvrings of heavy lorries. This experience might be remembered when the discussion of plans to move the market elsewhere is revived.

* * *

I see that the Queen this week sent a special message to the *Sunday Times* on its 7,000th issue. Whether or not this is a precedent, it opens some interesting possibilities. The *Daily Worker* is not so far short of its 10,000 mark. Will it get a message? Will Lord Beaverbrook's influence with the Mountbatten family secure him a message when the *Express* reaches 20,000? Will its Cromwellian editor, Michael Foot, get a message on 1 January next when *Tribune* celebrates its 21st birthday? And if any or all of these papers do receive messages, what will they do with them?

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

My regiment is Church of Scotland. I am Church of England, my wife Roman Catholic. I pray in all three churches, so there must be some unity somewhere.—Letter in *Sunday Times*. (Peter G. McGow.)

I venture to think ailments run in fashions. Thirty years ago one had one's appendix out; 20 years ago one had to have all one's teeth out; now the fashion is slipped disc and lung cancer.

I do not believe in lung cancer and hope this scare will soon die down.—Letter in *Daily Telegraph*. (Edwin McGrath.)

It so happens that offices are more in demand than theatres. The market has changed, and I can't see why Miss Leigh should find anything so unfair in that.—*Daily Express*. (H. Fieldhouse.)

Toby jugs bearing the features of union chief Mr Frank Cousins—including his spectacles—were on sale in the Torquay conference lobby, price 7s. each, yesterday.

In one of his speeches Mr Cousins told Transport and General Workers' Union delegates that he is 'NOT a supporter of the cult of the individual'.—*Daily Mirror*. (Wendy Abbott.)

Answering Mr Durand, Miss J— said she was not sure but she thought that she herself was raped that night by C— in the back of the car.—*News of the World*. (B. Norman.)

Too Much, Too Soon

You cannot go far in the flat and fertile landscape of the Middle West without passing a clump of aluminium silos and Nissen huts, each containing its infinitesimal proportion of the agricultural produce which the government has purchased and stored to keep off the market. Neither can you go far in any agricultural argument in the United States without meeting this same surplus in verbal form. Indeed, the surplus now haunts the American farmer even as foreign competition has long haunted his British brother.

The problem is not a new one. It is a by-product of the mechanical and scientific revolution which has transformed American agriculture in the last generation. For when the last frontier faded into history, American agriculture began to intensify instead of expand. First came the tractor, then fertilisers, then bigger and better machinery, hybrid maize, artificial insemination, irrigation—the whole technological treatment applied by a singularly energetic people with an inborn passion for gadgets. Between 1910 and 1955, American agricultural output nearly doubled; the area under cultivation remained approximately the same. But the market did not increase proportionately. Population grew by some 60 per cent. Individual consumption rose considerably. But neither loins nor stomachs have kept economic pace with the steadily increasing mass of food, while overseas demand only reduces, not ends, the surplus. There is little likelihood that the Americans, even with foreign help, can eat their way out of their difficulties.

The effect of all this on prices is obvious. Throughout the Twenties the American farmer never recovered the favourable terms of trade

his father had enjoyed before World War I, and he suffered bitterly in the Depression. World War II brought temporary prosperity, then the cost-price squeeze returned and increased. Today he is producing some 5 per cent. more than his market is willing to buy at acceptable prices. In other terms he is four years ahead of himself. In 1957 he grows food which his country will not need until 1961. In terms of purchasing power, therefore, his industry earns little more than it did in 1930 and considerably less than it did in the war years. And technology marches on. Every year sees bigger yields. In 1954 total farm production was as high as it had ever been despite the most widespread drought on record. If these things be done in a dry field, what when the land is green? The farmer stands on the defensive, and he fears the future.

The remedies suggested for this overproduction range from the straight reactionary to the picturesquely imaginative. They include the replacement of tractors by horses, the suppression of agricultural research and the revival of a taste for Dam' Fine Women. But the surplus is not amenable to such simplicities. It is a subtle creature with a dual personality. It is certainly an immediate problem in its own right. But it is also the symptom of a more basic problem, the excessive investment of national resources in farming. This is reflected in the various ways in which Americans have coped with their difficulties. Public policies have come, all sorts of them, in steady succession. Private men have acted according to need, incentive and tradition. The whole story illustrates with peculiar clarity the general workings of the American system.

Political action began in the late Twenties with an attempt to organise dumping on overseas markets. But Coolidge, fearing reprisals by the dumpees, vetoed the proposed legislation. So the politicians turned to government purchase and storage of the surplus. This, too, failed—the surplus was too big for the funds voted. Then, in the more desperate Thirties, they adopted the cruder policy of 'paying farmers not to farm'. This time technology beat them; the acreage of many crops fell, but the yield per acre increased. It was left to Hitler, a Canning in reverse, to bring temporary relief. The version of the Old World which he called into hungry existence amply redressed the balance of the New, and in the early Forties the surplus disappeared. But as the world recovered so did the surplus. Once again, therefore, the policy of government purchase and storage revived as the least undesirable of the various alternatives. But the surplus is beating it. Every year since 1951 the amount in storage has increased. There is today twice as much maize and four times as much wheat in the government granaries as there was four years ago. Farmer and taxpayer alike feel that the storage policy is nearing its practicable limits.

Meantime, the farmer has been coping in his own peculiar way. No Luddism for him. He may not like the long-term effects of technology, but he is willing to follow its promptings. Now, in general, technical development favours the big battalions and the broad acres—and the American countryman is singularly responsive to economic change. If the facts demand bigger farms, he creates them. If bigger farms mean fewer farmers, he weighs his chances, and, when necessary, quits farming for some other trade; in such a mobile society as America there is no shame in being an ex-farmer. Indeed, the figures are startling to English eyes. In 1920 there were 6½ million farms in the USA and the average size of a farm was 148 acres; in 1954 there were under five million farms and the average size of each was 242 acres—and the process continues. So the income of the individual farmer did not fall proportionately to the income of his industry. As a matter of fact, real income per agricultural head has remained fairly steady since 1948. But in an expanding economy such negative achievements arouse little enthusiasm. Indeed, they are themselves a problem. Experience shows that it is easier to get modern equipment on to the farms than to get sufficient farmers off them in sufficient time to escape the full financial consequences.

Such is the background to the Soil Bank Scheme which is now incorporated in Public Law 540 of 28 May 1956. Briefly, this offers the farmer payments to take land out of crop production either on a long-term or a short-term basis and sow it down to grass or other soil-conserving crop. In neither case can the land thus put aside be grazed or harvested; it is agriculturally dead. This Act, therefore, is a compromise, *omnium gatherum* measure. First, it continues the old policy of decreasing output without causing financial loss to the farmer. Secondly, it greatly increases the scope of the existing soil conservation campaign and so both lessens the danger of future erosion and creates a reserve of green fertility. In fact, it does in prosperity what we did in the pre-war depression, when so much of our arable land went down to the pasture whose stored soil-wealth we cashed with the plough in the war years. Thirdly, and more radically, it encourages the withdrawal of resources from agriculture. The arguments of *laissez-faire* persuaded men to leave the farms. Now the incentives of public policy persuade land, too, to go out of agricultural production.

Tawney once referred pleasantly to the struggle between economists and human beings. The Americans are now experiencing one version of this conflict and the Act reflects the differing points of view. The economist sees too many resources in agriculture, too much land, too much equipment, too many people, and he is prepared to show how much better these could be used elsewhere. The politician sees a worried industry of voters whose businesses are also their homes, and he knows that those who wish to stay in the agricultural business will expect him to help them to do so. In principle, the ultimate cure for the surplus, and the causes of the surplus, is a movement of men, money and materials from agriculture to other enterprises, out of a primary industry into secondary industries; less men on tractors, more men building houses or making TV sets. In practice, such adjustment is a long, slow job, involving hundreds of thousands of individual decisions, and public authority can do little more than encourage desirable trends and ease the transition for the weaker brethren. For instance, the recent extension to farmers of certain social security benefits makes possible the retirement of many elderly men who would otherwise be compelled to stay in production.

Technology, like all else, sells its benefits at a price. And part of that price is a lot of clear thinking about the social adjustments that the new methods make necessary.

NIGEL HARVEY

But Far Too Many People

I HAVE just been reading an essay I wrote 30 years ago: it is called *Too Many People*. I was living in the country then, and the essay describes how a visit to London had been ruined by the crowds everywhere. 'As year follows year,' I declared, 'there seem to be more and more people walking the streets, waiting at shop counters, jumping on buses and tube trains, filling the theatres and hotels and restaurants and tea-shops.' The piece ends with my idea of hell – an interminable packed Oxford Street from which there is no escape, with all food and drink having to be procured in 'gigantic establishments deplorably understaffed and steaming with humanity', with no homes to go to and all accommodation to be sought in huge, nasty, overcrowded hotels (with demon reception clerks and night porters); and in all the crowds there would never be a familiar face, never a friendly glance, an answering smile, but 'day-long the faces would go jumbling by, sickening masses of them'; and, last horror of all, when the doomed felt so crowd-sick that they began screaming and fighting – 'their screams of rage would attract no attention, and their blows would not be noticed by the passers-by, being nothing but a kind of shadow play. . . .'

Yes, 30 years ago. There I was, announcing that there were too many people. What did I know about it? A fellow in his early 30s and strong as a horse, complaining there were too many people! Here am I now, in my 60s, enfeebled, merely resembling one part of a horse, and hundreds of millions of people have arrived on this planet since I wrote that essay! Any talk of too many people is no longer essayists' nonsense; now there really are too many, far too many, and very soon there will be far, far too many. That hell I imagined is on its way. *If all goes well* – that is, if the politicians, the scientists, the technicians, really do the best that can be expected of them – my grandchildren will exist in that hell. Life will be the same everywhere, and there will be about five thousand million people living it. And – thank God! – Jack Priestley will be dead and gone. Nobody knows where he will have gone – perhaps to the 'long home' of all the years allotted to him, to Time Restored, to the long empty afternoons of his Edwardian boyhood – but at least he won't be pushing and queueing among those five thousand million.

Imaginative and sensitive men and women – and this rules out almost everybody frequently mentioned in the press – are visited by alternate nightmares. In one the monster bombs are being dropped, the world is being destroyed. In the other nightmare the bombs are not being dropped, the world is flourishing, there are too many people. This explains why imaginative and sensitive persons now seem too helpless, so incapable of decisive action. They are suffering from ambivalence. When they banish one nightmare, the other arrives. The bombs have rusted away, the World State is here, peace and prosperity are ours at last, all the under-privileged are privi-

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leged; but now – oh misery! – the world population rises, jumps, soars, the cities cannot be counted, the motor roads go on for ever, the runways never end, there are more television aerials than there are blades of grass, the Chicago Supermarket Corp. has four million branches, the Synthetic Steak Plants produce ten tons a minute, the World Conference of the Association for Sociological Hypnosis has a hundred-and-fifty-two thousand delegates, there are just too many bloody people.

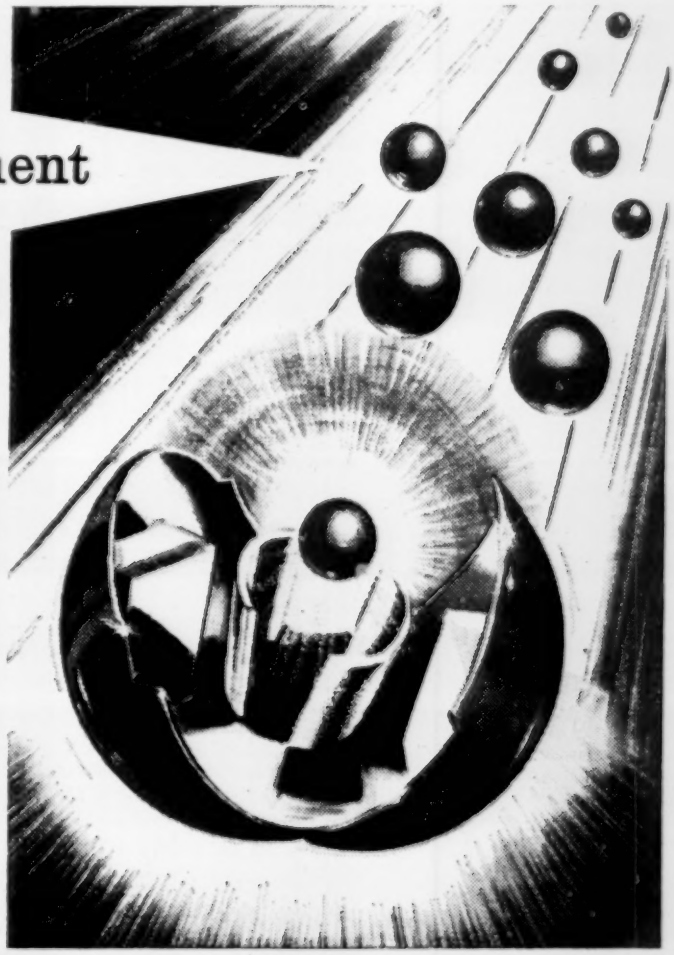
Now and again I take a peep at Science Fiction. What is it there that chills every unslipped disc? The back of the moon, those red or blue planets, the emperor insects, those viruses with a planning staff and an ultimatum, the carnivorous plants offering us (it makes a change) the sight of one veg on two joints? No, not at all. These stories only frighten me when they describe the world as it was before the Arcturus invasion, before the eight-eyed fungi appear, before the President of United Europe turns into a screaming giant carrot, before anything has happened that the authors, innocent fellows to whom the sound of a racing motorbike is a muted serenade, consider sinister at all, when all is quiet and peaceful here on Earth as the benefits of its promising little civilisation are distributed to its *ten thousand million people*. That is what shakes me, I see that civilisation, all those people. And then a terrible thing happens. For the rest of the story I turn Earth traitor. I am on the side of the machines from Arcturus, the eight-eyed fungi, the screaming giant carrots, of anything from anywhere.

I am not misanthropic. There are very few people I know whom I actually dislike. And when I think of these thousands of millions I cannot pretend they are monsters or robots; I know they are people not very different from myself, probably better-looking and less irritable, and that if they invited me to supper we might all become friends. I know all this but I do not *feel* it. What I feel are the number, mass, weight, the menace, the nightmare quality. Even with our numbers as they are, many old pleasures in this country have vanished for ever, the thrust and pressure of more and more people having been too much for them. So what was once a charming place for a picnic and a day's idling is now a car park, a bus station, a dining room, a cafeteria, a souvenir shop, an assortment of lavatories. So many of the moorland tracks I walked in my youth are now motor roads carrying more and more people to dust, noise, confusion, and carbon monoxide. And we are told there are not enough of these roads and that they ought to be much wider. If we can keep the peace and use our atomic energy, it will not be long before the whole of the Home Counties will be cemented over for runways and roads. The countryside will have been destroyed in order that more and more people should be able to go out and enjoy the countryside.

Whenever I think of some better way for us all to live, just when the shining plan is almost complete, I remember that already there are too many people. And by the time the plan would be in operation there would be more people still, millions and millions more. Moreover, all these people, these anonymous and faceless masses, are no good, a dead loss. I cannot imagine their possessing any talent, any gifts or graces; I see them simply as takers-up of space, consumers of protein and oxygen. I do not believe another Shakespeare, Rembrandt, Beethoven, can be found among them. Numbers do not seem to multiply genius and talent, originality and inventiveness. Certain small communities in the past contributed more to genuine civilisation than all the giant states of today. The more there are of us, I begin to feel, the more we seem to resemble the social insects, who probably congratulated themselves a million years ago on the high technical efficiency of their societies. 'I think we may confidently look forward,' cried some termite spokesman, 'to an era of unbounded prosperity, to the unlimited development of those techniques of our termitary that . . .' etc., etc.

If I try to think in terms of religion there still seem to be too many people. Christianity is too coy a scheme to fit these thousands and thousands of millions. Are immortal souls to be manufactured at such a rate, thereafter to be examined, weighed, rescued and loved? If they existed before birth, then why are more and more (and is there no limit?) being reincarnated? So I begin to remember and brood over those sinister cosmologies in which we humans are merely part of something called the biosphere, organised to transmit certain radiations from outer space to its planet. We are probably cheaper than any good-quality metallic conductors, and have the additional merit of being enthusiastic self-reproducers. Our boastful dream of conquering nature and creating our own environment may be part of some planetary device to keep us hard to work, doing something quite different from what we think we are doing. We have been allowed to multiply so fast and cover the earth, not because we are superior to trees, but because we are busier and have been accepted as a roughish but usefully cheap line of radiation-transmitters.

Chemistry by Bombardment



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If I reject these cosmologies and return to the old notion that man might have a high destiny, a place in the end among the stars (but not by landing on them and setting up hot-dog stands), my thoughts are still sombre, just because there are too many people already and soon there will be far more. It is not in huge communities, among hundreds and hundreds of millions, that men discover the style of life that prepares them for any high destiny. If all that really matters is what a man can make of his own soul, then the mass life in giant states will hinder rather than help him.

Whatever we may say, we all know very well that the democracy we talk so much about properly belongs only to small communities, in which men are still characters and not featureless units. Once the citizens have to be numbered by the hundred million, then all the grim hocus-pocus of our time begins to flourish. Entropy is from person and character to unit and number. Men are lost in the gigantic machinery of government and social organisation. The secret police are busy as bees and ants, and may be using the same methods. Telephones are tapped; microphones planted, tape recorders set running day and night; and fingerprints filed by the million. Individuality itself, any last remnant of independent thinking and feeling, will be held to be subversive; conformity will be essential; a whole man will be regarded as a danger to the community; and the techniques of mass persuasion will be raised to such a height that the thousands of millions not in control of these techniques will be reduced to imbecility. And these things will happen no matter what the state calls itself, whichever party is in or out; they are already happening in all our larger communities; we are all going the same way. So I return to that self of 30 years ago, who wrote *Too Many People*, and in the nasty manner so many self-satisfied elderly men have, I say to him: 'My boy, you don't know the half of it'.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

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(*Observer*)

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Phoenix

A Day in Tokyo

'WHAT is the reason for your visit to Japan?' asked the immigration officer in Japanese at Haneda Airport. He had just been speaking in English to an English passenger in front of me and now he was examining my Canadian passport and my immigration form, which I had filled in English. Once again I described, in English as I had already done on the form, the special business which brought me on such a bizarre visit; but he continued coldly in Japanese, 'How long do you intend to stay?' He seemed to grow as tall and as stern as my uncle was to me at eight. I replied meekly in Japanese, 'One day'. That immigration officer reduced me to the child that I was in my grandfather's house in Canada. 'You may have to speak English in school and you may even prefer to speak it to your friends, but in this house you will talk in Japanese.'

I was no more than a child when I left that severe atmosphere at the beginning of the Pacific war. In pre-war British Columbia I did not like being Japanese. Being Japanese then meant that you lived in an emotional ghetto where your white friends never quite accepted you and your parents would not let you join them. And you knew that when you grew up you could have a university degree but you could not vote. Because of this discrimination, I felt ashamed of my Japanese parentage and I learned only as much Japanese as I was forced to. But my mother was as conservative as only emigrés can be, and in her world women were taught their place where neither politics nor economics were discussed. As for culture, there was little of the Japanese kind in Canada to talk about. This training equipped me well for formal greeting and domestic gossip but for little else.

With this preparation I found myself in Tokyo 16 years later. For 16 years I had steadily become more European and had adjusted myself to wearing this Japanese skin. The more European I became, the less I resented my Japanese origin, and for some years I had wanted to visit Japan; but now when I was expected to be Japanese I was afraid. . . . Do I look like those people? But I am a foreigner. Surely the cut of my clothes should show that I am from London. My face must wear an English-speaking expression. . . . But no one in Tokyo seemed aware of such niceties. In Tokyo I was just another Japanese.

I discovered how Japanese I seemed when the BOAC coach stopped in front of the Imperial Hotel and three pages rushed out to meet us with umbrellas to protect us from the typhoon rain. I was handed down by one of my fellow passengers, an Englishman, but when I stood on Japanese soil under the first umbrella, it was quickly jerked away and offered to the Englishman behind me. I stood in the drenching rain surrounded by men of both races and automatically, I picked up my own bags to walk the few yards into the hotel while the Japanese porters hustled in the luggage of the Englishmen.

Once inside I suddenly came to my senses. It was important to me to establish my foreignness and to cling to it or I should be drowned in the habit of accepting the inferior status of woman which I was taught so long ago. That was the only place I knew in Japanese, for the only words I knew placed men above me. So I must speak English. While I spoke English I was the equal of those Japanese men behind the reception desk and of these superior little pages. These pages, how short they are . . . I had already scored my private revenge.

As soon as I realised that I could keep my identity by speaking English, I started to use Japanese. It could not have been so old-fashioned and stilted as I had feared because people usually understood me, but I was seldom sure that the comprehension was perfect on either side.

'Go to the arcade by the Neekkatsu Hotel if you want to shop quickly,' an English passenger had told me. But I was not sure of his pronunciation, and what was the word for arcade in Japanese? So I asked the taxi-driver in Japanese to take me to Niikatsu or Nikkatsu Hotel where foreigners did their shopping in a hurry. I was taken to an American-style drugstore full of patent medicines, glucose, floor cloths, detergents, babies' bottles and plastic toys arranged in cheerless self-service tiers.

When I went to the Kabuki-Za, the traditional theatre, it was even more puzzling. The play was *Tale of Genji*, a modern Kabuki freely adapted from the famous novel by Murasaki. I could follow the dialogue until it reached some key point and my recollection of the novel was hazy. To add to my confusion, the playwright had given the relation between Genji and his stepmother, Fujitsubo, a Freudian twist never developed by Murasaki, and had given them soap opera lines to speak. In the end I was not sure why Fujitsubo was so remorseful after her romp with Genji, whether it was because she had been adulterous or incestuous or because she was going to be found out and perhaps exiled. Why was Genji merely petulant during her great renunciation scenes? Because he was a cad or because he was a bad actor? Even when I understood the words my reactions were wrong. When the cuckolded Emperor holds the infant and solemnly says to Genji, 'How very like you the young prince looks,' I seemed to be the only member of the audience to find this funny. Clearly I was missing more than a few points.

There was a school teacher from Aomori sitting beside me but my vocabulary in Japanese was not up to discussing these points with her. She was the talkative sort not to be put off by my English response to her first question. We quickly got down to important details in Japanese. Was I married? Did I have children? Where was my honourable husband? My honourable husband was in England; but after her disapproving look, I did not add that he did the washing up too.

I looked around the audience in the theatre and felt completely at home. There were many elderly middle-class ladies immaculately dressed in dark grey kimono with black haori, or overkimono, looking exactly like the photographs of Baroness So-and-So in the women's magazines of the Thirties which my mother used to read. I supposed that they were the Tokyo sisters of the gentlewomen of Kensington. There was the smell of vinegar and wet seaweed, of the rolled rice sandwiches which tickled my salivary glands. These refined lunchboxes were daintier than those meals we used to have in the village agricultural hall in Canada during the amateur Kabuki performances by the local Young Men's Association. But the vinegar, seaweed, soy-sauce smell was the same, and the buzz of the conversation sounded almost the same. I closed my eyes and heard a child call out. My sister? It

was only a small boy in the stalls. Yet it was not the same. Those pale little men, did my father and uncle look like them? Of course they did not. They were hard working peasants and these men are the slickest of city slickers, the men of Yedo. Even their catcalls during the play were tame compared with the ribaldry shouted in our village hall.

When I came back to Tokyo the school teacher was asking about my job. Then she told me about the actor who was playing Genji. He was Ebijo. Did I not think his profile magnificent? His profile was matinee-idol smooth and coated in white Kabuki makeup. I expressed my preference for the actor playing Fujitsubo, who was a fine artist. But the school teacher was not interested in Kabuki style acting, she wanted to talk about Ebijo, whose photographs she collected. Then she wondered how I understood the play since, according to her, the language was not modern. I admitted that I had read the novel in English but she had only heard of Genji Monogatari as a classic. I was beginning to feel that I belonged to my parents' generation and that my standards were those of the Twenties, where my parents and grandparents had chosen to remain. And although she was older than I, I felt like her grandmother.

Exhausted by the length of this conversation in Japanese only, I looked around for some Europeans in the audience with whom I could discuss the production in my own terms. On the way out I met two American servicemen. I was surprised at their surprise when I spoke to them in what they called a 'British' accent. They knew very little about Kabuki, but all about drama from their course at college. Having accepted their invitation to dinner, I could not decline when I discovered that they did not like Japanese food – 'bad for the stomach.' They had heard of an Italian place near the Ginza which they intended to try.

This restaurant was empty except for another American, probably a serviceman, cosy with his Japanese pickup. The Japanese waiters eyed me contemptuously. I turned on my best Japanese smile, then smoothed my face into cool formality, bowed and wished them good evening in Japanese. Somewhat taken aback, they returned the compliment. They looked furtively at me as we sat down and I tried to live up to their imagination; but the game bored me and soon the waiters lost interest. They probably felt as I did about the drama course in the college at Sacramento and the tailors' and shirtmakers' prices in Hong Kong. The talk flowed on and on over Chianti, which was expensive and genuine, and spaghetti, which was expensive and imitation. It was, in fact, overcooked Japanese noodles, topped with Italo-American hash and tomato sauce. A dish of raw fish would have been better for any stomach.

My last sally was against the boys in service in the Imperial Hotel, those smooth-pomaded beings with whom I was having my one-sided war. They did not guess my reason for switching infuriatingly from Japanese to English. They had, by this time, accepted me as a foreigner, although the waiters still refused to pull out my chair for me in the dining room. This service, they reserved for real Europeans. For my last meal I ordered in Japanese, a Japanese breakfast, a peasant breakfast of bean-mash soup, pickles and rice. The waiter's handsome face was expressionless as he replied in English, 'We do not serve Japanese breakfasts in this hotel.' Unwittingly, I had given him the last Japanese male word.

KEIKO INOUYE

Fleet Street Notebook

How big do you like your newspapers to be? Very big indeed, apparently, if you are a reader of the *Sunday Times*. Since Lord Kemsley deliberately embarked last year upon a policy of giving readers of his chief source of pride as a newspaper peer more to read than those of any other Sunday newspaper, whether 'class' or 'mass', circulation has accelerated at a rate that makes all other papers seem sluggish. Even the *Sunday Express*, which has been showing the biggest turn of speed for some time, has only put on 80,000 readers in the last 12 months. In the same period more than 133,000 new readers have opted for the vast and varigated magazine, lush with eminent names, which the *Sunday Times* has now become. For my own taste the paper has become altogether too much of a good thing. I can't imagine anyone wanting to traverse all those acres of prose: the list of names reminds me of a Royal Academy banquet. But it is clear that Lord Kemsley and his editor, Mr H. V. Hodson, know their public better than I do. With a total circulation of 750,000, they have reached heights never touched by such a paper before. The *Observer* (a better paper to my way of thinking and more of a piece), which a year ago was catching up on the *Sunday Times* and looked as if it might even pass it, has been left behind. Its 40,000 new paying readers during the year look small beside the Kemsley total.

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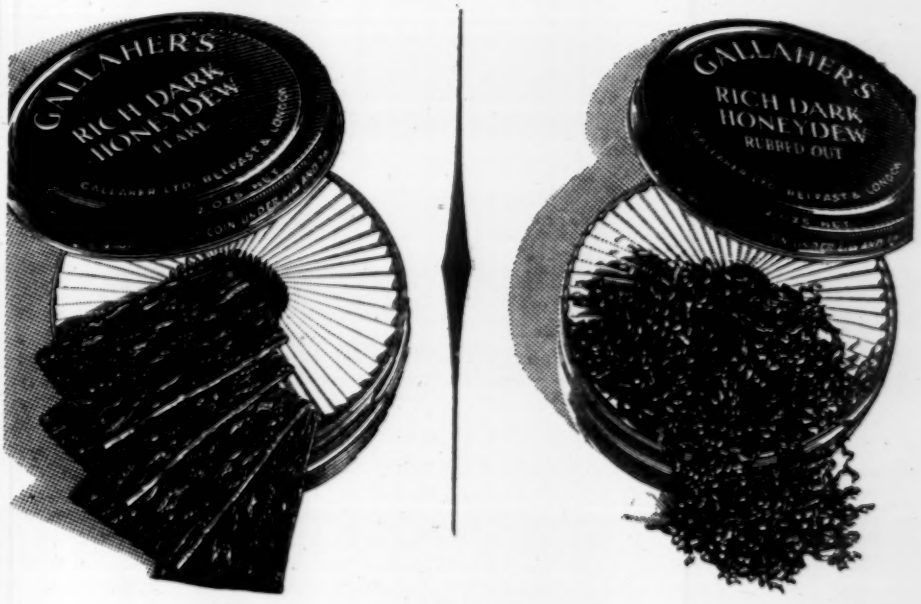

FLAKE 4/10 PER OZ. RUBBED OUT

days as well? Here the evidence is far less clear. The large-size papers the *Daily Express* and the *Mail* have been running have paid them in advertising space sold. But it does not look as if they have been all that significant in bringing in new readers. And the *Mirror's* increased number of tabloid pages seems not to have brought in either more readers or more advertisements to any very startling extent. Even in the present age of giants it may turn out that, just as it did not pay the *News of the World* to have a circulation of over 8,000,000, it is unlikely to pay a daily paper to have one much above 4½ million—simply because in the nature of things any agglomeration of that size is bound to contain a large proportion of the D.E. income group. Eighty-five per cent of the *Mirror's* readership is already made up of 'bottom' people, as against 68 per cent of the *Express* circulation and 53 per cent of the *Mail's*. Advertisers, a race of perfectionists, like readers in bulk if they can get them, but they like them to be rich as well as numerous.

There is a moral in this for the *Herald* and the *News Chronicle*. Both need more readers very badly indeed. But any kind of reader is not good enough for economic viability. That was the mistake Lord Southwood made when he was buying his way to the 2,000,000 in the Thirties. They must be nicely distributed as to advertising class—which is why the *Mail*, with only about half the circulation of the *Express*, but 47 per cent of them in the A, B and C classes as against 32 per cent of *Express* readers, has on several occasions recently found it an economic proposition to print more pages than the *Express*—and why, incidentally, the *Sunday Times* with 90 per cent of its readership in these top and middle groups can afford to spread itself so lavishly. Although behind the *Herald* in total numbers, the *News Chronicle* is in this matter the better placed. Its A, B and C rating is considerably higher. What is no less important for the future is that it is currently producing a paper much more likely to attract more A's, B's and C's than is the *Herald*—and I am not here referring to political attitudes. The need for economy has stimulated the *News Chronicle*. It has learnt to live with fewer pages than the *Express* and *Mail*, much better than the *Herald*, which, although it has tightened up its front page, manages to look curiously empty on its inside news and feature pages. The *News Chronicle* does not make this mistake. Indeed its smaller size is being turned into a positive value. There is variety in small compass. Its news coverage has been getting steadily better in recent weeks. Its features are now usually both stimulating and adult. And it is manifestly enjoying in these critical times the rewards of a past tradition which have bound its staff to it with a loyalty which is the envy of much of the rest of Fleet Street.

Note on news values: Miss Vivien Leigh's protest in the House of Lords against the destruction of the St. James's Theatre brought her and the theatre streamer headlines across the front page of every popular national daily in the country. And quite right too. It was a magnificent performance. Next day representatives of the Society of Authors, the League of Dramatists, the National Union of Journalists, the Radio and Television Writers Association and the Screen and Television Writers Association, speaking on this matter for 95 per cent of all the professional writers in the country, held a press conference. Its purpose was to protest against the fact that, after nearly two and a half years of negotiation, the commercial TV companies were destroying creative writing on television by refusing to accept any of the normal principles concerning authors' agreements. Practically all the press was represented. But not one of the popular national dailies published a line about it. Any lady novelist like to scream outside Television House?

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The Arts and Entertainment

Point of Balance

LAST week in talking of Stratford I described the current *Cymbeline* as characteristic of the high general level to be seen there, as if I had omitted to notice that the production was graced by a particularly enchanting performance from Dame Peggy Ashcroft. But my point really was that whereas the Peter Brook *Titus Andronicus*, finely, indeed superbly, conceived though it was, as a production, would still not have come off without Sir Laurence Olivier as Titus, Mr Peter Hall's *Cymbeline* could still have succeeded with a lesser actress playing Imogen. Dame Peggy can do some things better than any actress living, some of them, too, quite simple things (or so they might seem), like the little run forward to reveal herself to her husband in the final recognition scene. The something extra which a great actress gives to such a climax is another aspect of that inexplicable mystery of the actor's art which I talked of last week. It carries us—simple though it is—into the very nerve centres whence the tears (whether of sorrow or relief) spring. And I suppose, too, with any lesser actress half of that quaintly touching scene when Imogen wakes from her drugged sleep to find a headless corpse her bedfellow, would have to go: and I am delighted to have heard it 99½ per cent. pure.

Dame Peggy, in short, can be absolutely trusted to carry us into the heights at the high moments. But she is also the loyalest of artists and can play quietly in with the cast when that is required. Mr Peter Hall conceived his *Cymbeline*, if I take him rightly, as a fairy tale not far removed from the extravagance of pantomime. And in her part Dame Peggy beautifully fits in. But so do the rest of those responsible. Miss Lila de Nobili's delightful sets conjure up enchantment; and the dresses, though oddly mixed in style, add up to the fairy mood. Mr Raymond Leppard's music contributes without drawing attention to itself or seeming simply traditional. Certain performances are, too, key performances for keeping the pitch exact in our minds. I must mention three especially. Miss Joan Miller, first, plays the queen as the wicked stepmother; and if ever there were a wicked stepmother straight out of Grimm (or childhood—it is the same thing) it is Miss Joan Miller glorying in her own wickedness but never for a moment overdoing it. Then there is Mr Clive Revill as Cloten, exactly the beef-witted bully, blind to any merit but his own. And, thirdly, there is for the devoted servant, Pisanio, Mr Mark Dignam. What an accomplished supporting actor Mr Dignam always is! How often we accept from him, without bothering to remark on it, a performance perfectly judged. But you cannot help here acclaiming perfection so easy and yet commanding, an absolute rightness in every inflection, every sly characterful glance, however slight. There are other excellent performances, too. Mr Robert Harris, full of real feeling, as the old king: Mr Cyril Luckham as the sturdy rebel who has brought up the king's sons: Mr Brian Bedford and Mr Robert Arnold so forthright that we accept brutality from them as readily as the finer feelings of affection: Mr Geoffrey Keen, a polished villain; and Mr Richard Johnson a romantic hero who is now discovering his voice.

An admirable cast, in fact, whom Mr Peter Hall has directed with a sense of style as well judged in its way as is Mr Brook's in *Titus*. In his salad days Mr Hall was, I used to feel, inclined to impose a stylisation on his productions from the outside and one felt them (think, for instance, of his production of Ugo Betti's *Summertime*) to be mannered and affected. Here he seems instead to have looked with all the imagination of which he was capable at the play itself to find the principle which will give it unity. It is not easy to find. *Cymbeline*, in many productions, is something of a hodge-podge. Mr Hall has found the point of balance where the pastoral simplicity and courtly intrigue are parts of a logical whole. Taken in conjunction with his recent production of the Tennessee Williams *Camino Real*, it puts Mr Hall up amongst the very best of our producers.

There is one production point that I wish both Mr Hall and Mr Brook would ponder over. Is not it time to question the current practice of bustling the scenes on without any sort of break even when years of time or continents of space are meant to intervene? In *Cymbeline*, for instance, the early Britons are still speaking their exit lines on one side of the stage while the Roman court comes chattering in on the other. In *Titus* the guests are arriving for the final ban-

quet while the prisoners who are yet to be killed, ground to powder and baked are still visibly being hustled off. To achieve a swift succession of scenes has become a sort of fetish with Shakespearean producers in the past few years. It is time to call a halt and bring a little common sense to bear on this matter. On the other hand I notice that both Mr Brook and Mr Hall are tackling the problem of crowd scenes freshly and imaginatively. The battle scene in *Cymbeline*, as an example, instead of being conducted in that pseudo-realistic flurry which almost never comes off, is staged as a piece of pure convention. It is somewhat absurd but charmingly absurd and within the style of the whole. In the same way Mr Brook in *Titus* conventionalises the hunting scene with a very happy effect.

T. C. WORSLEY

Beginners Please

THE retrospective exhibition of sculpture and drawings by Lynn Chadwick now at the Arts Council Gallery has arrived here after a triumphal tour of five European cities following its victory at the 1956 Venice Biennale, where Chadwick was awarded the international prize for sculpture; this was a remarkable success considering that the prize usually goes to artists with long-established international reputations. Chadwick, however, is one of those artists to whom success always seems to have come early, as it has to Reg Butler, his contemporary and another English winner of a major international sculpture prize. The Tate, for example, had acquired large-scale works by each of them within four or five years of their beginning their careers as sculptors, and now has others, although sculptors like Armitage and Paolozzi are still not represented there. It's interesting that big rewards have come to these two artists with careers so strangely parallel. They were both trained as architects and have never gone full-time to an art school: Butler started to work seriously as a sculptor at the age of thirty-one (in 1944), Chadwick made his first experiments in sculpture when thirty-three (in 1947). And they also have similar strengths and weaknesses as artists, which seem to relate to the peculiar pattern of their careers.

The strength is an outstanding technical virtuosity and ingenuity. Maybe it's because architects have to be ingenious in using materials to conform exactly with their idea, or because not having had a formal training makes for flexibility of method, or because the sudden discovery in the middle of one's life of the excitement of handling the materials of sculpture engenders a more intense obsession with the materials themselves than is likely to be felt by an artist who has been using them all his adult life. Whatever the explanation for it, even an old Yorkshire pro. like Henry Moore isn't half as clever in handling certain materials as these novices are (he doesn't, of course, need to be).

If their strength is a striking mastery of the medium of sculpture, their weakness is a striking lack of mastery of the subject-matter of sculpture. They don't seem able to make a figure, animal or human, that *works* convincingly—that seems capable of locomotion, does not seem to have glue or rivets at the joints, is one indivisible living thing whose head is neither older nor newer than its hands. Giving a figure unity is always, of course, one of the difficult things. All the same, there are many sculptors with less talent than Chadwick and Butler who are not as bad at it as they are. This surely relates to their having started late: giving unity to a figure is partly a question of sheer understanding acquired through experience, and Chadwick and Butler are exceptional in that they were not learning to make sculpture at the same time as they were learning to draw from life. Indeed, neither of them has ever learned to draw. Butler has found out how to produce an effective imitation of drawing, which relates to Leonardo's style of drawing as portrait-sketches done for two bob on the promenade relate to Gainsborough. Chadwick has achieved far less. His drawings are just about the most inept I can remember having seen on exhibition to the public. They are lines and blobs which, intended to be studies of figures and plants, cover the paper without in any way conveying, not even crudely or clumsily or partially, a sense of mass or space or movement or any other attribute or aspect of reality. The only thing in the world that they evoke is the style of other contemporary sculptors' drawings.

Their choice of manner in drawing reveals the essential difference between the two artists: Chadwick is more modest in his pretensions. So in sculpture Butler tries to bulldoze his way through the problem of the human figure by giving terrific emphasis to the sexy parts and filling the gaps with padding (like a fifth-rate music-hall comedian). Chadwick, on the other hand, seems to respond to the problem by retreating from it. This retrospective exhibition gives the impression that he always attempts as much as he can comfortably manage for the moment, that he is like the amateur painter who goes out into the country with his paint-box on a Sunday afternoon and sets up his easel, not in front of the motif he'd most like to paint but of the one which won't be too difficult to paint. Chadwick seems to do not what he *must* but what he *can*. His

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exhibition, therefore, is like a student's rather than a mature artist's. It looks like an interesting first one-man show, though not necessarily a promising one because, however careful he may be to avoid forms more complex than he can tackle, he can't entirely avoid the problem of joining one shape to another, and whenever he does he makes the thing look like something in Meccano.

What, then, can explain the success that Chadwick's work has had? It has just the three qualities which have most appeal for us today when we start to get aesthetic pleasure from sculpture: first, tautness of form, an obvious, unmistakable tautness; secondly, the suggestion by one form of more than one object in nature—the visual pun; thirdly, a pretty colour and texture. Perhaps as well as being a beginner's sculpture, it is also a sculpture for beginners.

DAVID SYLVESTER

Notes from Cheltenham

THE Cheltenham Festival is this year a little shorter and more compact than before, and devoted almost without exception to instrumental music. The result in a country traditionally devoted to the marriage of voice and verse, is a little lopsided and over-solemn – though solemnity was effectively banished last Monday by John Addison's cheerful *Serenade* for wind quintet and harp. What can be done to redress the balance, and to provide our many composers for voice with their due place in this national shop window of British music? Opera is the worst problem; next year perhaps a visit might be arranged with the adventurous New Opera Company who open at Sadler's Wells next Monday with *The Rake's Progress* and Arthur Benjamin's *Tale of Two Cities*? A choral contribution would be much easier to provide and might well prove a popular draw.

The new music so far heard has been for keyboard or for various chamber combinations; the large concertos and symphonies are still ahead as I write. On the first night of the Festival Arnold Cooke scored a distinct success with his melodious Concerto for Clarinet and Strings, a well-written piece of unfailing interest alike to listener and (one may guess) to soloist; if it won't cause any great stir in the world, it will give much quiet pleasure. In his Fifth String Quartet, William Wordsworth hardly conjured enough variety out of a monothematic scheme to last him through three movements, the last of which collapsed into a trivial 6/8 section in 'Humpty-dumpty' rhythm. Not only young composers but young performers get their chance here, and Robin Harrison delighted us by brilliant and poetic playing of Chopin, Liszt, and Fauré in a programme which had for novelty Malcolm Williamson's *Janua Coeli*. In effect this is a programme-sonata, designed as a memorial to Gerald Finzi, with an atmosphere which might be called 'Messianic' in conception and colour if not in idiom. The Australian composer, like his French counterpart, has a liking for the extreme upper reaches of the instrument, and for occasional lush sequences of arpeggio chords; but there the resemblance ends. The most impressive part of *Janua Coeli* is the sorrowful set of variations which forms its slow movement; and this sounded idiomatically at variance with the harsh, percussive writing that is curiously used to adumbrate heavenly peace in the final movement.

A successful innovation was the visit of the Society for the Promotion of New Music with one of its Recital-Discussions. By far the most accomplished work was a fresh-tinted Clarinet Sonatina by the youthful William Mathias. I also found much of interest in the severely economical Third String Quartet of Ralph Wood, and could not wholly agree with the elderly party who was heard to remark, on the way out, that in every case he had preferred the discussion to the music.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

End of Term Report

TWO months ago I went to a girls' school at Acton, watched the first television programme ever broadcast generally to schools in this country, and got some of the customers' first reactions to it. At that time the headmistress of this school, Miss Marjorie Cooke, would not commit herself: teaching by TV was an experiment for her school at least as much as for Associated-Rediffusion. This week I discussed the results of this one term's experience with Miss Cooke and with Mr Boris Ford, who is in charge of this service.

Miss Cooke began by saying that the significance of the fact that children are used to TV at home seemed to have been underestimated: the nature of their acquaintance with the medium is such that a programme must catch their attention and hold it by its method of presentation. So far, she added, the ITV programmes had had 'all the faults of a very young teacher—talking too much and trying to get too much into half an hour'.

Two of Mr Ford's main points, I found, corresponded with Miss Cooke's, though his approach was, naturally, different from hers. The fact that children have 'grown up with television' *is*, in Mr Ford's view, immensely important—but one of its implications, as seen by him, may not have occurred to some teachers: it is that children may actually have a greater facility—admittedly, often superficial—for picking up and digesting the TV image than teachers have who were not used to TV in their own childhood.

He went on to make Miss Cooke's second point in almost identical terms, admitting the producers' 'temptation to put everything in'. The major change in ITV's school programmes for the coming academic year will be that they will be less diffuse and comprehensive, more concentrated and selective: they will deal with *one* small town, *one* play, *one* farm (for a whole year).

Children's and teachers' reactions to the experiment in general, and to particular programmes, did, however, vary considerably. Miss Cooke heard some girls saying '*Must* we go?'—if the alternative was typing or art, though not if it was French or maths. The two series which most successfully held the girls' attention were Tuesday's, *The Ballad Story*, and Wednesday's, *On Leaving School*. Monday's, *Looking and Seeing* was less successful: Miss Cooke felt that the original idea of it had somehow been lost in the execution; both her art mistresses had found it disappointing. Miss Cooke herself had enjoyed *A Year of Observation*, the IGY programme; but it was too advanced for most of her girls.

Mr Ford said that age-group variations in schools had proved less of a difficulty than had been feared. Especially through TV, children are often attracted by something that they do not fully understand. He had even heard of one class of 8-year-olds who had sat through the IGY series: 'What they made of it I can't imagine!' He himself thought that this series had taken too much knowledge for granted; but it was 'a subject that we could hardly not do'. He confirmed that, on the whole, the ballad series had been the most

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successful. Two criticisms of it, however, had come in: one was from an educational writer who thought that it was not visually exciting and could as well have been done on sound-radio, the other from a 13-year-old who said that he had enjoyed it—'but is that what you call education?'

The first of these criticisms, so far as it has substance, may be met by the appointment of Mr Peter Graham Scott, one of ITV's best directors, as executive producer of these school programmes. The second is more fundamental. How purely enjoyable ought education to be? (One for the Brains Trust, that!) Broadly, Mr Ford's view is that teaching by TV will fail unless the programmes are enjoyable: the 'education', in the strict sense, should be between the lines and made explicit by the teacher.

Mr Ford feels that the main task accomplished in this experimental term has been one of public relations: some initial suspicions have been dispelled, the programme-company's *bona fides* has been established, the programmes have been judged on their educational merits. It has been made clear that the programmes, however enjoyable, are not mere entertainment, and that they are not trying to usurp the teacher's proper function. However true this may be—and I think, on the whole, it is—the ITV educators can hardly have been helped, in their relations with schools, by one commercial decision of which Miss Cooke complained strongly: during the Wimbledon fortnight, on account of 'unbreakable' advertising contracts, the time of the school programme was changed (and then changed again, at very short notice, on the last day of the admirable *People Among Us* series, so that Miss Cooke's girls, and no doubt many others, missed this).

From next term it will be impossible for the programme-company to insist on moving the school programme from 2.45 to 2, for that is the time reserved for the BBC school programme and an ITA ruling forbids a clash. If the early afternoon ever became generally popular with advertisers, it would be interesting to see how long the school programmes, which are supported only through public spirit or for prestige reasons, would withstand commercial pressure.

No such problem troubles the BBC's educators, the fruit of whose long gestation is eagerly awaited. At least a thousand British schools will be watching TV in the autumn; most of them will take the BBC programmes, but some will take both. Miss Cooke's school at Acton will not, alas, be one of these, though she would have continued the experiment had she been able to: the set lent by Associated-Rediffusion has been taken away, and the LEA (Middlesex) 'won't play'.

TOM DRIBERG

Monsters

Pas de monstres, et pas de héros! exclaimed Flaubert, who wouldn't much have taken to films which offer a surfeit of both. This week the monsters are in the ascendant. There is the straight appeal of *The Monster that Challenged the World* (London Pavilion): not Mr K., but a giant mollusc out of New Mexico. He and his companions had lain dormant in the egg for centuries on some dried-up sea-bottom, when earthquake or H-bomb test brought them fertilising water. At close quarters they reveal pincers where the nose should be and the sad, haunting eyes of the awantibo.

The possibility that the world might be better off under their dominion does not enter this class of fiction; and of course at headquarters, where the heroine works, one of their eggs, kept for observation, hatches and starts breaking down doors. You can guess the rest. This hasn't been a serious threat to humanity.

Then the monster in *His Other Woman* (Carlton) is an electronic being challenging, if not the world, the reference department in one of those skyscraper offices. Emma Ack—I think that's her name—having been fed with a reference library, should be able to answer anything, from the weight of the earth to records of baseball players. Her introduction into the firm brings consternation to all those who are—or think they are—dispensable. This gay terror tale, which propels itself with the laggard lover and the bright newcomer, couples getting wet and compromised in dressing-gowns, drunk scenes at Christmas, would be nothing without its players: Katharine Hepburn as head of the threatened department and Spencer Tracy, prowling round with a muffler, as the introducer of Emma. They perform their usual miracle—or even more than usual—so that every scene seems sparkling and the whole thing champagne. Katharine Hepburn in particular achieves triumphs of off-hand angularity and charm, office briskness, party burlesque, wellings in the eyes: a performance as captivating as any she has given.

Sweet Smell of Success (Leicester Square) brings us the Famous Columnist for the first time as an insect of horrifying proportions. There's the great man himself (Burt Lancaster), looming in horn-rims and pathologically involved with a kid sister (Susan Harrison); he will blackmail her to keep her alongside. His parasite is a press-agent (Tony Curtis), who will stop short only at murder. A couple of police slugs tag on. Other columnists sit at night-club tables and allow girls and other distractions to take them from the all-important business of the smear and the gossip sting. It's a pity really that the columnist in chief should have been made a monster here—very effectively so, let me add—because this film gives a scarifying picture of an underworld known to us only by repute. It is brilliantly directed by Alexander Mackendrick (who, despite his *Whisky Galore*, is American born), and photography and acting reinforce a tension that recalls early gangster pieces. Cruel to the cruel! I found it fascinating, and most of my objections to its human unreality—I must admit—came afterwards.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Festival Ballet, at the Royal Festival Hall

The Festival Ballet's artistic ideals are tempered by box office ideals; the box office certainly being a serious consideration where there is no subsidy to pay for mistakes. This compromise gives a middlebrow flavour, but there is such professionalism in Anton Dolin's direction that all the ballets are clearly and boldly presented. The revival of *Graduation Ball* seems suited to the company. It is gay and pretty, with Alexandre Benois's new decor, Strauss's old waltzes and Lichine's simple choreography. The fault lies chiefly in the Young Ladies' Academy, where there is too little sense of discipline or light comedy. The gentlemen are better: Keith Beckett is a ridiculous and charming Junior Cadet, Peter White an idiotically well-mannered, amorous old general. The second act of *Swan Lake* has been rehashed by Mr Dolin, till it is something halfway between the Bolshoi fantasia and the original masterpiece. Belinda Wright is a hard-natured Odette, but one with the most exquisite technique. Harald Lander's *Etudes*, built up on Czerny's piano exercises, with the ballet classroom as basis, has many cunning and stylish effects. Only it is so long drawn out that, in spite of excellent dancing, the spirit wilts and the mind wanders.

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Correspondence

THE SECRET PEOPLE OF OXFORD

SIR,—History and psephology give back no more than is put into them. Namierite history, for example, could be used to illustrate the great difference between politics at the accession of George III and today. And the great difference is that today politics have to consider ideals and programmes. That Sir Lewis Namier's analysis is not used to illustrate this point only shows that we are not very interested in ideals and programmes.

Nuffield psephology could – and to some extent does – keep awake interest in politics. Since the war just two seats have changed hands at by-elections. In the Thirties two or three seats changed hands every year. Only because psephological concepts (e.g., the 'swing') are used more freely can we argue from current by-election results to the probable result of a general election.

Only the people who start from a basis of political apathy will find Namierite history and Nuffield psephology lead them back to political apathy (I must leave the defence of logical positivism to the philosophers). May I suggest some reasons for the initial political apathy of students:

1. The elimination of widespread and obvious poverty means that there is no constant and burning reminder that political action is necessary to save people from degradation.

2. The 'board-school boys' feel that university success (a decent degree) is their one hope of advancement. The undergraduates of the Thirties had social positions secure enough for them not to worry about their prospects of advancement. And they came from homes which expected them to take part in political activity.

3. It took fifteen years or so for the flippancy and frivolity of the post-war years to give way to the political earnestness of the Thirties. I think we may now be in the uneasy transition stage to an era of political activity.

4. How enthusiastic were the Thirties? Did they breed no strait-jacketed moulders of public opinion? Some of the tutors who teach Namierite history in a way that supports the administration must have been around Oxford JCRs in the Thirties.

Nuffield College
Oxford

TREVOR LLOYD

SIR,—As one of the 'élite of office-seeking organisers', I cannot claim to generalise successfully on the politically inarticulate of Oxford, but Mr Marquand's flight from the current academic enchanters lead him to such confusions of fact and judgment that a corrective is necessary.

1. It is quite untrue that for almost all undergraduates, 'the rejection of politics is a definite decision'. Most of them naturally go through the terminal dead ritual of declining the canvassed party card, but this no more implies 'a tough disillusioned attitude' to politics than refusing an OUDS subscription suggests distaste for the theatre.

2. There is very little class bitterness here, and I doubt that the *general* attraction of *Lucky Jim* and *Look Back In Anger* lay predominantly in their social implications. One of the most startling features of Oxford today is the co-existence *without* animosity of mutually exclusive groupings based on a vague financial and social hierarchy.

3. Few people here are sufficiently infatuated by the 'current intellectual heroes' to become politically and emotionally albino under their spell. The main source of the pervading nihilism is not in the syllabus; it lies rather in our generation's experience of a society in which the crises seem over, the harvests gathered and a chilly welfare opulence appears to make inter-party strife a comic anachronism. That our contemporaries should have this bleary vision is frightening, and within gunshot of Suez almost incredible. But it certainly holds among many people here. The responsibility of convincing them otherwise rests with the Socialist devotees whom Mr Marquand rebukes for their alleged absorption in the intellectual *zeitgeist*. It is a pity that his own romantic attempt at diagnosis should be so inaccurate that it will leave these few only too thankful for the 'empirical approach', and tend to confirm the 'apathetic mass' in the superstitions.

KENNETH TRODD

University College
Oxford

SIR,—Phrases such as 'vicious and reactionary programme' and 'untrustworthy and dishonest as its predecessor' show cracks in the mask of objectivity David Marquand has himself assumed and betray him to be one of the few politically active undergraduates at Oxford. Reading between the lines of his article I gather that he deplores firstly the political apathy of the body of undergraduates, and secondly the lack of a dynamic dogma for the left wing. An 'apathetic' myself, the latter question does not greatly move me, but I am roused to defend my own position – thus, incidentally, ceasing to be apathetic.

Mr Marquand considers the 'interest without involvement' of a future élite of graduates 'a frightening prospect'. The squalid and often corrupt antics of undergraduates chasing office in the university political clubs and the Union seem to me far more disturbing, for most of those who so degrade themselves do it with an eye to a future career in a national political party. Politics at Oxford today are concerned with personalities, not ideologies, because today's political issues are not disturbing enough for most of us. For this reason the majority stay away from the dreary round of political club meetings. But to say that we are bored with politics because we worship Ayer or Namier is to confuse cause with effect – we worship (if we do) because we are bored. When we cease to be bored, as last autumn, Namier and Ayer are thrown to the winds: most undergraduates were shocked by the invasions of Hungary and Egypt not because these actions were inexpedient or even stupid, but because we simply felt they were wrong – whatever historians might have to say eventually. The response of the university to the events of last September and October was gratifyingly lively; but to expect political interest to remain at this level when the crisis is past is to show an astonishing lack of sense of proportion.

I feel Mr Marquand has missed the point in heaping blame on a sceptical intellectual climate. Under the present system in this country only very few of us can expect to take an active part in national politics. The most the rest can do is to make judgments – to vote, and, if necessary, to make a noise between elections. If we are to use this power reasonably, to make clear-headed judgments on every issue, linguistic analysis and Namierite historical method would seem to provide a better training than a brief immersion in the foetid swamp of university political life

BILL TUCKER

Brasenose College
Oxford

THE SICK IN MIND

SIR,—As an ex-certified patient I wish to endorse 'Ex-Mental-Hospital Doctor's' point about the legal safeguard of certification.

A mental hospital patient must be regarded as at least temporarily incapable of coping with normal civilised life. The procedure of certification, ironically, does protect patients from the results of their more irresponsible decisions by removing the legal validity of all their decisions.

In my own case my salary was paid into my bank account throughout the first seven months of my stay in hospital, but I could not write a valid cheque because I was certified. Had this not been so, I might at some time during my illness have disposed of my entire account at the stroke of a pen, but my sense of personal inadequacy was definitely increased by the fact that my income did not provide for my wife. When she approached my employers she was offered a loan but was told that no part of my salary could be paid to her without 'power of attorney'.

Any new legislation should give the fullest protection to the interests of the patient whose volition may perhaps be untrustworthy. These normally include immediate and adequate provision for dependants.

EX-MENTAL-HOSPITAL PATIENT

SLOW FREIGHT

SIR,—Without wishing to argue against the case for automatic railway wagon couplings presented in last week's article 'Slow Freight', I feel attention should be drawn to certain facts and considerations which Mr Thorne overlooked or failed to mention.

1. The relevant section of the Regulations made in 1906, relating to private sidings covered by the Factory and Workshops Act, 1901, reads: 'Locomotives or waggons shall *wherever it is reasonably practicable without structural alterations* be coupled or uncoupled only by means of a coupling pole or other suitable mechanical appliance'. (The italics are mine.)

2. The screw couplings of a heavy type which British Railways intend to use are to the pattern which is standard throughout the continent of Europe and which is specified in the R.I.V. (International Wagon Regulations) drawn up by the International Union of Railways (U.I.C.). I am not aware, nor is it alleged, that there is a high incidence of accidents in European countries arising from the use of this type of coupling.

3. The exhaustive tests which British Railways carried out with both vacuum and air brakes on wagons demonstrated that from the point of view of technical efficiency there was little to choose between the two systems. The decision to adopt the vacuum type was taken primarily because all the locomotives and hauled coaching vehicles, and nearly one-fifth of the wagons, were already equipped with vacuum apparatus. Criticism of this decision is often made on the ground that the vacuum brake is not standard for the rest of Europe so that the inter-running of British wagons with those of other European countries, via train ferries or perhaps eventually a Channel tunnel, will not be possible.

MIND

A Quarterly Review of Psychology and Philosophy

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4. The criticism that the British braking system is not to the European standard may become particularly valid if there is a large development in European trade, as British manufacturers would not have the advantage of easy through transits in wagons readily available, and if the Channel tunnel project is proceeded with. However, should British Railways go over to a form of rigid automatic centre coupling this in itself would make their wagons non-standard with the rest of Europe and the braking system would be less relevant.

5. It is not true to say that centre couplings at something like £200 a pair would immediately displace buffers costing £130 (£100 would be nearer the mark) for a set of four, as during the change-over period while it was necessary to run mixed trains, large numbers of wagons would probably be required to have both equipments.

5 Grove Road — R. F. DREW
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ANTIBODIES

SIR,—Ritchie Calder, writing on Asian flu, states that 'A vaccine . . . was quickly prepared by injecting throat washings from victims into chick embryos—half incubated hen eggs—and antibodies (resistant factors) were produced which, given to humans, provided protection' Later he speaks of 'dead vaccine (antibodies without any living viruses)'.

The function of the chick embryo is to provide a host for the propagation of the virus (in the case of the polio virus this function is fulfilled by monkey kidney), as viruses, unlike bacteria, are not able to grow on ordinary media and require the presence of living cells. The chick embryo does not produce antibodies. These are formed in human beings in response to the inoculation of the vaccine. Vaccines that give rise to protective antibodies can be made from killed viruses, attenuated viruses or even from a closely related but entirely different virus as in the case of small pox vaccination. On occasions when more rapid protection is needed, antibodies produced by another animal, usually the horse, are given to the patient. The administration of tetanus antitoxin or of antiserum to snake venom are examples of this. The protection afforded by this type of 'passive immunisation' only lasts a few weeks as opposed to that produced by 'active immunisation' (i.e., vaccination) where the antibodies often persist for years.

EVA ORLANS
Department of Animal Pathology
Cambridge

[Ritchie Calder writes: 'This terminological slip (which was overlooked by experts who checked the article as well as by myself) is deplorable and I apologise: for "antibody" please read "antigen". The error, however, did not affect the substance of the article.'—ED., *N.S.*]

ACCENTS

SIR,—Reading Mr Priestley's piece on Accents reminds me of that observation by Graham Wallas:

> Just as it is impossible to sing, or to speak a foreign language well, with one's mouth and throat in a 'gentlemanly' position, so it may prove to be the case that one cannot think effectively if one's main purpose in life is to be a gentleman.

ATHOL GALLIFENT
34 Brook Street
W1

SIR,—Many of your readers after reading Mr Priestley's article on 'Accents' may have wished, like myself, that the mantle of Elijah had been invited to fall on shoulders less likely to let it trail than his. It is a poor, distasteful kind of wit, when a man with a personal history like Mr Priestley's chooses, however light and humorous his intent, to scorn the social ambitions and cast reflections on the personal loyalties of others. I mistrust Mr Priestley precisely because he still speaks in Yorkshire accents, suggesting that he is still a down-to-earth countryman, when in fact he is a sophisticated man of the world, surrounded by the external trappings and la-di-dah of the bourgeois way of life which, in the manner of the 19th-century *avant-garde*, he affects to despise.

D. R. HOWELL
42 Sutton Court Road
Sutton

SIR,—I read Mr. Priestley's amusing and discerning article on Accents with great enjoyment and perhaps a rueful smile, for it raises one very relevant point, which I hope he will deal with in a later essay. Just what are you to say to foreigners when they ask you which is the *correct* English accent? Bewildered by the easily discernible differences between Scottish, Irish, Welsh, and all the other regional accents coming from people whose education and respectability clearly leave nothing to be desired, the question is inevitable. Last year I gave private English lessons to a group of girls from the Greek National Bank in Athens, all of whom spoke passable English and wanted to try it out in conversation with an Englishman. One of them whose English was really good, asked me, 'Please, which is the correct accent of English, the accent of Oxford or Mayfair?'

As a beginning I explained to the girl that the Oxford accent had practically died out and was never looked on as the right way to speak, being limited to a small group of Oxford's intelligentsia in the Twenties and Thirties, and that the Mayfair accent was now regarded as being as much a deviation from what was correct as any other regional accent. When she pressed the question as to which was correct, I told her to listen to the BBC announcers. They may not be interesting or colourful, but they are certainly correct. I hope I said the right thing. What do your readers think?

RICHARD HUGGETT
21 The Crescent
Filey Yorks

ISSS

SIR,—The International Society for Socialist Studies, which was set up last spring at a conference held in Paris, is holding its first general conference in London on 20, 21 and 22 September 1957. The British Section of ISSS, in agreement with the Provisional International Committee chosen at Paris, is making itself responsible for the arrangement of the forthcoming conference, which will be open to all individual members of ISSS throughout the world. The purpose of the Conference will be:

(1) to discuss the present Socialist situation;
(2) to examine the aims and purposes of ISSS;
(3) to make proposals for future studies;
(4) to adopt a constitution;
(5) to elect an international committee.

We should be grateful for help in making this conference as widely known as possible, both to ISSS members and to non-members. Anyone subscribing to the purposes of ISSS is eligible for membership and all members may attend the conference. Applications for membership should be made to groups within the country of residence where possible. Where no such group exists, the British section will be glad to accept applications. Members and would-be members are asked to write to John Papworth, 22 Nevern Road, London, SW5, and he will send them information about membership and further details of the conference.

G. D. H. COLE, *Provisional President*
ERNEST LABROUSSE, *Provisional Vice-President*
JOHN PAPWORTH, *Secretary, British Section*

ALLAN M. LAING

SIR,—This Saturday (20 July) is the 70th birthday of Allan M. Laing. I feel sure that his friends and his fellow-competitors, past and present, will join in congratulating him and in wishing him, in every sense, many happy returns.

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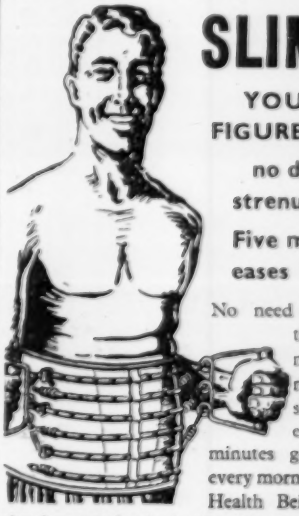

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Taine on England

PORTRAIT of an Englishman at the Derby in 1860: large, red face with flabby cheeks and dewlaps; full ginger whisker, unexpressive blue eyes, enormous trunk; general colour, full-blooded pink; weight of carcase, 240 lbs. The observation is made by Taine, who went on to say that the rolling eyes, the truculent muzzle, the large, knotted hands suggested the primal Teuton as he emerged from the forests, if one reduced the volume of blood and fat, but retained the angular and uncouth bone structure. Rude, unfeeling health was the English condition. It produced men like this one, women who were either goddesses or sticks of asparagus, tough, independent and churlish boys.

Taine's *Notes on England* is a startling book. It records a country which is almost unrecognisable to us, a way of living that has gone. As for appearance and character, these are distorted (oddly enough) by Taine's rigid sense of scientific accuracy. One might be reading pages of Wyndham Lewis, and one reflects that nothing creates the grotesque so surely as a collection of unexpected facts. The truth is that Taine's mind was systematic, but it was also romantic in its taste for excess and even rhetoric, and the mixture made him an excellent observer of English character. Unlike Nathaniel Hawthorne, who saw England in the same period, he was not vitiated in observation by chauvinism, touchiness or envy; the reason being, that, as a Frenchman, Taine felt no insecurity. The secure can utter their opinions and receive the opinions of others, without hostility. When Hawthorne is shocked we do not always trust him; when Taine is shocked we know he is without *arrière pensée*.

Taine already knew England through English literature when he arrived in London. He saw a city choked by coal smoke, soured by soot, shut up in fog. There was wealth on a scale unknown to any country in the world. There was the frightening bestiality of the slums. Against the opulent life of the aristocracy and upper classes, there was the dulled money-grubbing of the middles with their clenched jaws, and the misery of the peasantry. The delights of English country life and of a culture based on it were spoiled for the Frenchman by the ignorance, incompetence, obsequiousness and thriftlessness of the peasant. On the one hand, prosaic home life supported by a huge servant class; on the other, people given to gluttony, drink, prostitution and violence. Taine saw our forefathers as 'men of splendid energy and independence, but vehement in their passions and with strong animal instincts; these men could only be controlled by stern moral codes, by the sense of duty and plenty of open-air exercise. By some lucky gift, they had managed to give balance to natures at once turbulent and low in temperature and knew how to discipline themselves. He admired our political system; the illogicalities of the Church of England seemed to this logical, lapsed Catholic quite admirable.

Taine was a young man, little more than thirty, when he came to England. He was a thorough investigator, not a passing impressionist. He was aware that he was looking at something more than a nation; he was seeing a new phenomenon in the history of a world—the industrial revolution. Large as were the fortunes he computed, they were to become even larger as the century went on. Coming from the Ardennes, he had an eye trained for the North. He was prepared for the basic barbarian quality which has misled many foreigners: the northern timidity and shyness. The shy became stiff and arrogant once outside their own country; but in England itself he found what we all know to be true – that the English are talkative, candid, confiding and quick to make friends. They were reserved on the subject of sex, but that was a passing Victorian phase; if he had come a hundred years before or a hundred years later he would not have found this reticence. Mr Edward Hyams, the translator and editor of this edition, speaks surprisingly of Taine's materialistic optimism. Taine certainly believed in logic and scientific observation, but he was a melancholy aesthete whose faith was confined to the utility of his method and did not extend beyond it. He thought the industrial revolution would grow and cure itself of many of its evils – which, in fact, it did – but he had no hopes of the future of the race or civilisation. He thought human nature incurably disgusting. Detachment so very often leads to pessimism, simply because the detached observer has removed the ground from under his own feet. That ground was replaced, in his case, by the method and its determinism. We can judge a literature or a nation by three tests: race, environment and the epoch; we must seek for the governing factor which is the *faculté maîtresse*, a watered down form of Balzac's romantic and dynamic idea of the dominant passion. It is Taine's power of abstraction that is responsible for making him pessimistic.

Apply the theory: in race, we are Teutonic—the Celtic mixture is ignored; in environment, we have an awful climate which drives the mind in on itself; in the epoch, we were born to the machine and our dominant gift was for practical action. The theory produces the effect of anthropology; that is to say 'something' observed and enumerated, but without intimacy. Taine's portraits of people are documentary, factual and without life. He confirms, in the flat, what we learn more livingly from Dickens, George Eliot or Mrs Gaskell; but his people are all of a piece. In this land of lunatics, not a single eccentric is met with. There are no day-dreamers. There are none living by fantasy. He sees the Bible chained at the railway station, he goes to church and chapel; but he does not note the orgiastic pictures which the Bible has put into strongly imaginative minds.

In his famous *History of English Literature*, it has always seemed to me that Taine put far too much stress on English Puritanism, or rather stressed it in a theoretical way. In the *Notes* the theory is still rigid, but he does have occasional doubts. We are consciences hag-ridden by the practical issues of the Right and the Wrong, but that is because we must somehow control our native brutality. There was (he thought) a certain pathos in our struggle. Family life, for example, was affectionate, but personal relationships were insensitive. Men loved their wives, but ill-treated them. They were worn out by child-bearing. Love affairs were ruined by the obsession with wrong-doing. A French mother was the confidant of her son; in England it was impossible for the Victorian son to speak with candour to his mother. A whole world of sensibility and love was closed to people concerned only with duty, independence and the right.

Taine thought that the powerful French family system was less oppressive than the less organised life of the English family which was an open despotism ruled by the father. Just as wealth was better distributed in France, so were the natural affections. French thinking was freer because it was abstract and it did not lead to intolerable practical collisions. He noticed that in France related families lived together happily under one roof; in England this was quite impossible, such was the spirit of independence and insensibility to others.

In institutions we were superior. Parliament, Church of England, schools, industrial relationships, everything that concerns the social man was more highly developed in England than in France. Snobbery was often shocking. It bred obsequiousness. He might have noticed how much time we waste in the ironies of snobbery. We waste energy in 'placing' people, when we could be more interestingly occupied in knowing them. We were fitted marvellously well for acting upon the world but not for enjoying it, though in one art we were supreme—the art of gardening. In Taine's day we had invented all the world's sports and alone took part in them; the explanation was our passion for health and for controlling our beastly Teutonic natures. Taine would have to reverse his ideas about Puritanism and sport, if he came back now; the whole world has taken to sport. Perhaps it had nothing to do with Puritanism; perhaps sport was pleasure, not hygiene?

One difficulty that Taine's system had to deal with was to explain how a race so active, practical, good, dull and workaday, could have produced what he regarded as the finest lyrical poetry in the world. In painting we were—as in the rest of life—mere copyists and fact-hunters; in music—though 100 years later we have become intensely musical—we did not know a note. In the novel, we were conventional; good natural reporters of our scene, but circumscribed by our practical moral worries. Puritanism had ruined the arts or had taken the fire out of them. Taine puzzles this out and evolves a theory about the Me, which we would call the ebullient egoism of the English:

> For them, this ego, this Mighty Me is the principal personage of the world. Invisible, all visible things are rallied to him, subordinate to him, and their only merit is in becoming aware of him, in corresponding to something in him. . . . To have taken so dominant a place the spiritual being must be very strong and all-

* *Taine's Notes on England.* Edited and translated by EDWARD HYAMS. *Thames & Hudson.* 25s.

absorbing. And so it is, as one perceives as soon as one considers the principal features of English character: the need for independence, the capacity for initiative, the active and obstinate will, the vehemence and pungency of the passions concentrated but controlled, the harsh though silent grinding of their moral machinery, the vast and tragic spectacle which a soul entire furnishes for its contemplation, the custom of looking into the self, the seriousness with which they have always considered human destiny, their moral and religious preoccupations, in short all signs and faculties and instincts which were already manifest in the pen of Shakespeare and the hearts of the Puritans.

We suffer 'hypertrophy' of this 'Me' and 'for a soul so constituted and disposed, the proper medium of expression is poetry'. In short, the intolerable pressure has split us and we write the lyric. It is a theory (we notice once more) that omits to mention that we may have imagination.

In a hundred years many things which were thought to be peculiarly English, turn out to be true of all rich industrial societies. Many things in Taine's *Notes* now seem more American than Victorian. The fact is that he overdramatised us and, not being noted for gaiety himself, failed to notice English gaiety. His England is nothing like ours today, except in the permanent misery of our climate. In only one respect does this brilliant, honest and admiring observer still strike home: it is in the recurring suggestion that we become good psychologists with great difficulty. Right and Wrong—what blunt instruments they are.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Intimations of Unreality

Lines written by a Suffolk river at sunset

A square-skulled moonfaced monotone fowl,
because it is twilight has caught my eye
and slowly insultingly turned its neckless back.
Snubbed by an owl.
One skirt hem of the sky is torn by day still.
Night continues to mend it, ignoring me.
As I move, nervous against my reason,
there are rustles and splashes I cannot mistake
for goodwill.
Blind white moths half my finger-nail size
zig-zag about my feet about no business.
I catch one in my hand, just to make contact
with some part of a world that's mine as well.
It even disdains to flutter,
but waits till I open my hand, then goes on as
before.

I feel as though I, hungry,
have entered a room
where there is only just enough to go round.

Because I live in brick and change my clothes,
must I allow the world and sky to ignore me?
Stay Light! There is something you showed
then that I missed!
Well then, come Dark! In your tunnel I'll be
more watchful.
What did the river say? Ordeal by bats is beginning.
How cold this dew is!
So it is really true then,
That I neither inhabit this world, nor any other?

PAT KAVANAGH

Transport Housemanship

Trade Union Leadership. By V. L. ALLEN. *Longmans.* 30*s.*

What makes a trade union leader? Dr Allen gives a muddled answer to a crucial question because he has not made up his mind what this strangely organised set of notes is about. Is it a biography of Arthur Deakin? Certainly not, although the late secretary of the Transport and General Workers' Union gave Mr Allen pretty free access to him personally, to his union and to its files. Is it a comment on Ernest Bevin's achievement in creating this huge amalgamation? No, again, though much of this book is about Mr Bevin. Is it a study of the way a large composite union is organised and run? In part it is—and this, perhaps, the best part of the book—but in part it is an attempt to make generalisations about the nature of trade union leadership from the experience of two men of unusual personality and ability who had to run a union that is a law unto itself. The reader can be forgiven if he sets this book down without much idea of what Mr Allen is trying to say.

This is a pity, not least because this book contains a great deal of invaluable material, obtained by Mr Allen's diligent use of sources to which few people have access. And it is also a pity because Mr Allen is one of the few researchers who has been breaking new ground in the study of trade union organisation and social behaviour. I had eagerly looked forward to this successor to *Power in Trade Unions*; I wish now that Mr Allen could have waited until he could have compressed his study of Arthur Deakin into a set of comparative studies of different union leaders working under different conditions. He might have come to more helpful conclusions about the way that union leaders rise within their organisations, about the possibilities and limits of their powers, and about the role that the key men in the trade union movement are going to play in our society in the future.

For this is what we most need to know, especially as we seem to be entering a period of dispute about the responsibility of the unions for inflation and about the degree to which wage-demands and other consequences of collective bargaining ought to be amenable to the government's economic policy. Take, for instance, the emergence of Mr Frank Cousins as a union leader—and of the same union that Mr Allen knows so much about. He clearly has great capacities, though his personal talents and objectives are different from those of Mr Deakin; equally, he has great influence, and his methods of using it are going to be different from his predecessors'. Yet I can find no mention of Mr Cousins in this book. Where did he come from within the union hierarchy? How did he move up within it? What was his relationship with Mr Deakin and his attitude towards the methods by which the union was run before he became general secretary? These are vital questions, and one naturally turns to this book for an answer. But for all the help the reader finds, Mr Cousins might be a jack-in-the-box. And this is true not only of Mr Cousins. All the union officials are, at best, shadowy figures in these pages. By sitting in the general secretary's office, looking at the files, Mr Allen has got a view of the T & GW that is just as boss-eyed as the portrait that Mr Goldstein drew from the branch level.

I agree that some valid points are made about the changed role of trade union leaders by the advent of full employment, benevolent Ministers

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The Spotted Deer

by Elephant Bill

(J. H. WILLIAMS)

This is the story of teak extraction in the virgin forests of the remote *Andaman Islands*, the visit to which was referred to in *Elephant Bill* and *Bandoola*. Faced with an allegedly impossible task the author was compelled to trust in the untrustworthy, in convicts, opium addicts, and the almost extinct Andaman aborigines; and because his trust was rewarded the impossible was achieved.

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The hunt for the *Graf Spee*, the sinking of the *Bismarck*, and the maintenance of Malta are all part of the Ark Royal's story, and this authoritative and first-hand account, both of the naval actions in which she was engaged and of life aboard the ship herself, is told against a lucid background of the wider aspects of the war.

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Candles in the Sun

LADY EMILY LUTYENS

This is a melodrama of the spirit. The author tells why she joined the Theosophical Society in 1910, of how her faith was dissolved and of the difficulties that Theosophy caused in her home life. She also describes the personality and development of Krishnamurti with whom she was closely associated from the time that he first came to England and was hailed as the coming Messiah, and his gradual break away from the organizations that had proclaimed him.

25s

HART-DAVIS

of Labour, arbitration agreements and the relegation of the strike to an action of last resort. But already, after six years of Tory government, the framework within which Mr Deakin had to work has changed almost as much as the conditions of his time differed from those in which Ernest Bevin built up his union. Why should there be a decisive shift in the industrial and political outlook of the T & GW, as we have seen in the past two years? How far is Mr Cousins a reflection of this shift and how much is he responsible for it? Merely to ask such questions is to indicate how difficult it is to generalise about trade union leadership from the experience of two men. It would have been much less misleading for Mr Allen to have called these disjointed chapters *Essays on the Age of Deakin*: the fact that his book has no conclusion would have been less evident, and the reader would expect less and gain more from the hard work he has done on his case material.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

Mr Waugh on Deck

The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold. By EVELYN WAUGH. *Chapman & Hall.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

In the crazy mixed-up world in which we live – as the reader conjectures I have been reading the Sunday newspapers – Mr Evelyn Waugh sometimes seems to me our maddest and safest interpreter, the poet of the diminishing England that Hilaire Belloc called our 'crumbling stye'. Secular and despairing, he is a satirist and a romantic. The two, as always, go together and our age, which cries out for satire and romanticism, is badly understaffed with either. He is also possessed of a unique type of moral vision. (Has he not, in *A Handful of Dust*, written the most powerful twentieth-century sermon on the break-up of a Christian marriage?) In addition he happens to be the only major writer in English whose work reveals any genuine signs of development. It is possible to predict a new novel by Mr Graham Greene say, a new Compton Burnett, a Henry Green even, in a way that is impossible in the case of Mr Waugh. He has had four manners to date and in at least three of them, by the general consent of enjoyment, he has triumphed completely. In the present volume – it runs to just over 200 pages – he has reverted to his earliest manner and given us one of his wittiest, most humane entertainments.

The book appears to be largely autobiographical, probably the nearest thing to a self-revelation this writer will ever vouchsafe us. Testy, vinous, conservative, an 'old soul' who abhors 'plastics, Picasso, sun bathing and jazz – everything, in fact, that had happened in his own lifetime', Mr Pinfold is very much as one imagines Mr. Waugh:

> He wished no one ill, but he looked at the world *sub specie aeternitatis* and he found it flat as a map; except when, rather often, personal annoyance intruded. Then he would come tumbling from his exalted point of observation.
>
> Shocked by a bad bottle of wine, an impertinent stranger or a fault in syntax, his mind like a cine-camera trucked furiously forward to confront the offending object close-up with glaring lens; with the eyes of a drill sergeant inspecting an awkward squad, bulging with wrath that was half-facetious.
>
> He was neither a scholar nor a regular soldier; the part for which he cast himself was a combination of eccentric don and testy colonel and he acted it strenuously, before his children and his cronies, until it came to dominate his whole outward personality. . . .

Three years ago, as his book's blurb relates, Mr Waugh (alias Pinfold) suffered from a brief attack of hallucinations (as he later heard 'this was not nearly as rare as he supposed . . . the reason remains strenuously active but the information on which it acts is delusory'). During a cruise to Ceylon he finds himself inhabited by voices – basically a threesome, but two powerfully ventriloquist, mimicking the skipper, the chaplain, the first mate, the ship's surgeon, a couple of majors-general and sundry passengers. When he first hears them Mr Pinfold thinks them due to a fault in the war-time Intercomm. His cabin, he believes, has been transformed into a kind of command-post into which all the ship's tensions and intimacies are being scrambled. Gradually, the voices turn persecutory. Mr Pinfold, they declare, is a Communist, a homosexual, a Jew ('Hark-ark-ark. Come out Peinfeld. We know where you are. We've got you.'). Fuddled by drink and sleeping-draughts, tormented by his voices – which must have been hell for Mr Waugh, but which are pure joy for the reader – Mr Pinfold leaves the ship at Port Said. He flies to Colombo, takes a plane home, is restored to Mrs Pinfold (a model of cool and tranquil affection, one of Mr Waugh's happiest side-line characterisations) and cured. Cured, that is to say, in the sense that the voices 'trail away, sink to a whisper, a sigh, the rustle of a pillow', and are then silent. Nothing as funny – or as stylised – as this book has been written this year or last, and the fact that for once Mr Waugh is being cruel about himself will give his admirers an extra fillip. To read anything he writes has always been, for this reviewer, an almost physical pleasure, and it is good to see him in his true and best form on the present occasion. My only criticism is that the book lacks a satisfactory denouement. This, however, is the fault of all case-histories. Also, the reader has laughed so much by the time the book ends, that the lack of a climax goes almost unnoticed. Several readers of the *Observer* to whom I talked over the week-end objected to the published first chapter of the book on the grounds that it was 'stuffy', and I think Mr Waugh has done a serious disservice to his novel by allowing a section of it to be printed out of context in this way. The chapter forms, in fact, an ideal introductory norm, the *grande entrée* to this near-perfect farce of bromide, chloral and champagne.

JOHN RAYMOND

Urbanity Fair

A Small Part of Time. By MICHAEL SWAN. *Cape.* 21*s.*

Some few years hence, when a desperate merger of *The Times*, the NEW STATESMAN, and *The Daily Sketch* has failed to save the last of the press from its cost accountants; when 'Tap My Line' is a popular panel game; and when the West's dominant art-form is the detergent advertisement jingle – then, no doubt, the present day will look like a golden age, all glitter and revelry on the eve of Waterloo. But a few discerning historians, with the gleeful despondency of their kind, will certainly be tracing earlier signs of the crack-up. Theses will be written on 'The Cult of the Travel Book in Elizabethan Airstrip I'; on 'The Downing Doctor and Jolly Jack, a Forgotten Controversy'; on 'The Wilson Family 1949-57'; and on 'From Richardson to Richardson, a Short History of Reviewing.' For it sometimes seems that reviewing, and the reading of reviews, are assuming in our age an ever-increasing role. We all read articles: how many of us

read books? And how many of the books, when we come to examine their contents, are themselves collections of articles and reviews?

In *A Small Part of Time*, that master of the *feuilleton*, Mr Michael Swan, himself apologises for 'forcing such a diversity of subject-matter between the same covers': but no insomniac with this book propped against his pillow would dream of complaining at its diversity. That, surely, is the charm of books of essays. Here, for instance, are essays on Lola Medina, Norman Douglas, Henry James, Bernard Berenson, D. H. Lawrence, Sir Max Beerbohm, Autumn in Salzburg, La Pira's Florence, Edith Wharton, Gordon Craig, Andalusia, Vienna, Gertrude Bell, and Henry David Thoreau. Their sources vary from *The Times Literary Supplement* to *The London Magazine*, from *The Spectator* and *The Listener* to *Punch*. The manner of the essays varies likewise – genial, knowing, wry, inquiring, tender, mocking and urbane. Within its limits, this is diversity: but Mr Swan goes on to 'hope it is not merely wishful thinking that makes me see, after reading all the essays together, some kind of unity in the collection.' As an unsuccessful insomniac, I'm afraid I agree with him. My quarrel is not with the patchwork nature of his volume, but rather with a certain sameness, a certain elegant artiness, that even some of its subjects may already have suggested to you. Too many of the essays – notably 'The Visible World' and some of the travel-sketches – are full of graceful nothings. 'It is a pleasing pastime,' says Mr Swan, 'to place, *vis-à-vis* the Romantic Movement, the celebrated men who reached maturity during the early years of the nineteenth century. . . .' Elsewhere, he records his 'special pleasure' at the groan of the courtyard gate in the Villa Mercede, the original of the gate which groaned at Isabel Archer in *The Portrait of a Lady*. Other essays, like good fourth leaders or middle-page *samedis*, draw the reader delicately aside, impart some gentle instruction or some Morganatic murmurings, then lead him back, little the wiser, to where he was before. These may make pleasant interludes in the pages of a weekly or, *viva voce*, over a leisurely dinner; but without the edge of Beerbohm, the malice of Strachey, or the wit of Guedalla, they seem thin material for a book. An additional irritation, in one so elaborately an apostle of culture, is the occasional incompleteness or inaccuracy that his book contains: one small example is translating *'Gegenwart'* as 'future.'

Nevertheless, for those who enjoy this type of discursive writing, there are many felicities in *A Small Part of Time*. Its account of Lola Medina, in particular, is fascinating and quite moving: its reminiscences of Craig and Berenson are equally revealing and amusing. Craig had his own way, it seems, of dealing with Parisian traffic: 'Never take a bit of notice of traffic and it'll never do you any harm. Like wasps. Let them know who's master.' Berenson, too, could produce an apophthegm when required; but 'like so many of his aphorisms it appears to be the sort of remark with which an opponent has been punctured during an argument – and then thought of the perfect retort two hours later.' On Thoreau, John Piper, and La Pira (whose actions 'prove how unpopular the true Christian life still is'), Mr Swan is equally discerning. His best sections, however, are those he devotes to Henry James. These include a study of James's friendship and quarrel with H. G. Wells, a meeting with James's valet, and a narrative, based on unpublished letters, of James's relations with the eccentric monumental sculptor Hendrik Christian Andersen. Here James is revealed in all his slightly risible glory. He subjects his food to the process known as 'Fletcherization' ('an absolutely complete and exhaustive "mouth-treatment" of one's food before swallowing it, of masticating it and *insalivating* . . . it till *all* its taste is extracted and enjoyed.'). He tiptoes through colloquialisms like a Victorian lady flirting with religious doubt. And he offers æsthetic criticism with a dogged but disarming diffidence. 'I sometimes find your sexes (putting the indispensable sign apart!) not quite intensively enough differentiated – I mean through the ladies resembling a shade too much the gentlemen (perhaps . . . through your not allowing her quite a sufficient luxury – to my taste – of hip, or, to speak plainly, of Bottom).' *Mutatis mutandis*, this goes for the other essays in *A Small Part of Time*.

RICHARD MAYNE

On the Boulevards

The Life and Times of Baron Haussmann. By J. M. and BRIAN CHAPMAN. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 25*s.*

Though the reputation of Paris is not what it was, one claim is still beyond challenge: it is the only great city where the traffic keeps moving. For this it must thank Baron Haussmann, prefect of the Seine in the days of the second Empire. Jules Verne foresaw the submarine; this was nothing to foreseeing the swarm of motor vehicles in the mid-twentieth century. Haussmann created the Paris that we know: apart from an odd building from an earlier century here and there, the whole of Paris was reshaped by him with Napoleon III's approval. This was a bigger score than anything that can be scored up to Napoleon I, and a great improvement of course on our twentieth-century dictators whose plans mostly stuck halfway. If people still go on living in cities, Napoleon III is the only French ruler who will be remembered in a few hundred years' time, just as George IV is the only one who will be remembered in England.

Haussmann does not quite deserve the title of Napoleon III's Nash. Nash was an imaginative, though shoddy, architect. Haussmann was a planner pure and simple. He drew thick black lines across a map of Paris and had little interest in the buildings that would line his new boulevards. Indeed, he had a poor opinion of the architects associated with his schemes; and on one occasion insisted on a row of trees to conceal the buildings. Heavy lines across maps obviously fascinated him; for he was just as interested in sewers and water-supply as in new roads – anything that could go slashing through the existing jungle. His projects were conducted exactly as the military campaigns of Napoleon I had been: a bold design, and then daring improvisation until victory was achieved. The financial side of the rebuilding is curiously modern. Haussmann was a financial wizard whose art baffled contemporaries. We are more hardened. Every government, and even municipality, does it nowadays. Haussmann capitalised his revenue. Instead of trying to live within his income as virtuous men and cities did in the nineteenth century, he used it merely to pay the interest on his debt, thus increasing his spending money some twenty times over. There is supposed to be some objection to this course, but I have never understood what it is; and Haussmann never ran into any difficulties except political jealousy.

His career makes a good story, but as depicted by the two authors of this book a rather dis-

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jointed one. I would guess that Mrs Chapman had on her hands a strictly personal biography with a good deal about gay Paree and the can-can. Then she found herself with a husband who is an authority on the French system of administration; and Haussmann was recast in order to illustrate how France is run. This is certainly very unlike County Hall. On top of this, both authors perhaps wished to show that they understood Keynesian economics even when applied some seventy years before their inventor. The various strands do not combine happily. The publisher too could have done more. How can we understand the triumphs of a great town-planner without an adequate map? One does not need to be corrupted by television in order to believe that boulevards, drains, and conduits are beyond the resources of the printed page.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

No-man's Land

Emergence from Chaos. By STUART HOLROYD. *Gollancz.* 18*s.*

Starry-eyed, the blurb inquires: 'What has caused the extraordinary success of Colin Wilson's *The Outsider*?' I'd like to have a go at that question another time; but it does seem very hard that Mr Holroyd, who is 23 and has written a literate and sensitive book, should be sent out into the world with an albatross round his neck.

His book carries a big surprise in its tail. Its first part is in the 'truth is subjectivity' vein of Kierkegaard and after, and you have barely time to settle down before the inevitable names begin reeling past: Sartre, Buber, Jaspers, Marcel, Heidegger, Berdyaev. Our old friends Yin and Yang 'wage their eternal war' on page 21. Nietzsche is off on his journey beyond good and evil. Wells and Einstein speak up for Science, and everything seems plain sailing. Interest is sustained partly by Mr Holroyd's educated handling of his material (though he does tend to throw in the kitchen stove) and partly by the knowledge that the book ends with a chapter on Mr Eliot. Now Mr Holroyd thinks that 'essentially religion is an entirely personal and subjective matter,' so one awaits that final chapter with mounting excitement: Mr Eliot against the ropes with a 'Stop that one for tradition—and that one for dogma—and there's another for corporate worship.'

Not at all, though. The chapter is reverential and, in its more personal references to Mr Eliot's 'saintliness,' almost embarrassing. There's a moment of delicious uncertainty when Mr Holroyd quotes the poet as saying that he is used to 'having my personal biography reconstructed from passages which I got out of books, or which I invented out of nothing because they wounded well.' (Why should the aged eagle sheathe its claws?) But the Bumper Book of Misprints is clearly the place for that one.

Thus there is a most extraordinary doubleness about Mr Holroyd's attitude, and this reflects a general tendency in post-war books that live off the no-man's-land between philosophy and literary criticism. People nowadays like (or think they like) their metaphysics raw and their poetry oven-baked. So it is with Mr Holroyd: he sees poetry in the neo-classical way as a suppression of personality, and he hates romanticism for its subjectivity and spilled religion; he finds something 'provisional and personal' in Yeats, Rimbaud and Rilke, which he contrasts with Mr Eliot's striving towards 'something universal and impersonal.' But it's an entirely different story when he comes to philosophy. Then he draws a distinction between the 'armchair metaphysician' and the 'existential thinker' at grips with 'actual life.' Hegel seems to be Mr Holroyd's idea of an armchair metaphysician; and if you said to him, 'But Hegel's *Phenomenology*, like Mr Eliot's poetry, tries to be universal and impersonal, and its own kind of half-success makes it one of the great visionary books of the world,' I'm not sure how he would reply. Anyhow, at the back of this crazy reversal of the old view (there was some sense in regarding parts of philosophy—say, formal logic—as properly impersonal, and lyric poetry as personal) is the feeling that poets ought to do their crying in private, but that you can't be a real philosopher unless you bawl the house down. It all comes of tacking T. E. Hulme's literary theory on to popular existentialism.

Mr Holroyd comes into his own in the second half of the book with two thumbnail studies of Whitman and Yeats: a lot of independent thinking has gone into both of them. He is also good on Dylan Thomas and Mr Eliot, though he overvalues the one and tends towards dim lights and religious music with the other. I think he is thrown a little off-balance by the plan of his book, which is to analyse the 'spiritual chaos' of modern life and then ask how individual poets have responded to it. He sees this chaos in terms of the collapse of religion, and defines religion as 'anything a man can live by.' In fact, a man lives by his own peculiar blend of work, family, friends, alcohol, and the rest. Mr Holroyd, like many others, makes a rather unreal concept out of the human predicament when he tries to sharpen it for the purposes of his thesis.

JOHN JONES

The Truth of the Heart

William Harvey. By LOUIS CHAUVOIS. *Hutchinson.* 25*s.*

De Motu Cordis. By WILLIAM HARVEY. Trans. K. J. FRANKLIN. *Blackwell.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

'Our Harvey,' wrote his friend Dr George Ent, 'rather seems as though discovery were natural, a matter of ordinary business, though he may nevertheless have expended infinite labour and study on his works. And we have evidence of his singular candour in this, that he never hostilely attacks any previous writer, but ever courteously sets down and comments upon the opinions of each.' The letter was addressed in 1650 to the President and Fellows of the College of Physicians, urging them to publish the last of Harvey's works, *De Generatione Animalium*. Seven years later and three hundred years ago, William Harvey himself was buried 'lapt in lead, simply soldered' in Hempstead Church. Sir John Aubrey was one of his pallbearers.

He might well, I think, have approved the disinterest which Englishmen assume in their treatment of great Englishmen deceased. Some decorous tributes are being paid by learned societies to his tercentenary, but unless the BBC devotes a programme to him it will be something of a private occasion. Most people think of him, if at all, as the discoverer of the circulation of the blood. A French medical historian, Dr Chauvois, who has written a tribute to Harvey as a long-admired and long-studied master, gives him something more of his true importance in the history of science. Harvey was the discoverer of the applicability of the scientific method to medicine, and *De motu cordis* marked not only the correction of an error, but the birth of rational physiology.

Dr Chauvois' book is excellent, and it must be one of the most adequate ever to be produced

on such an occasion. Authors of such biographies are usually forced to settle either for public appeal or for substance and documentation: Dr Chauvois combines the two, with remarkable elegance and ease. He begins by reconstructing a day in the life of Harvey, as a bridge first to a very well-written biography, then to an exposition of Harvey's research on circulation and of the authorities which preceded it, and finally to chapters upon Harvey's other scientific work, on the estimates of it by his contemporaries and successors, and on minutiae – his death, his burial, his will, and so on. Finally, having painlessly told us everything which a student of Harveiana would be likely to require for reference, he puts in his own word – for the importance of *De motu cordis* to modern circulatory physiology, and finally, as an avowed disciple, for Harvey himself. 'I feel,' he says, 'I have shown a greater respect for his memory and a greater admiration for him than I could have done by a commonplace and purely chronological account of his researches,' and goes on to claim him not only as a great physiologist but as one of the 'three or four master intelligences of all time.'

The claim seems well-based. Certainly the influence which his method of inquiry exerted on medicine produced effects as far-reaching as that of Galileo or Darwin. Harvey has been less dramatised by subsequent generations because the authority which he subverted did not happen to be greatly involved with our emotions. Geocentricity, anthropocentricity and the Bible were supportive things, widespread in their emotional appeal, and threats to them can still excite. The idea that medicine progresses by reading Aristotle and the schoolmen was comforting only to the dons and physicians of the early Renaissance, but its subversion in favour of experiment and induction was as important to human thought, and more important, directly, to human comfort and survival than that of more contentious iconoclasts: every time a disease is successfully treated, we are reaping the fruits of Harvey's introduction of reason into healing.

The 'great investigation' itself, carried out by the simplest methods, and with beautiful logic, was in any case a classic of its kind. To appreciate its novelty one needs not only to compare it with the leechdoms, opinions and nostrums which were current at the same time, but with the whole tone of seventeenth-century medical literature, which adopted the polemic of the learned disputation and mixed it with advertising matter. 'If M. Duryer knows how to lie and how the blood circulates,' writes a contemporary anti-Harveian, 'he would know but two things. I hate the first and I am indifferent to the second. If he returns to the fray, I will lead him by other paths – more important paths – into the way of sound medicine. . . .' Ent remarked on Harvey's modesty and unwillingness to quarrel or abuse. Still more of his personal quality comes over in Professor Franklin's excellent translation: this is in an English which is calculated to be both good and periodless, neither modern nor pseudo-Jacobean (its only serious fault is the failure to interleave the Latin text instead of printing each separately). The last word is with Harvey, in the passage where he applies, as it were, for his research grant, which combines all the ingredients of scientific investigative medicine – curiosity, problem, doubt, comparative and human observation, experiment, conclusion:

> It is clear that the statements made hitherto about the movement and function of the heart appear incongruous or obscure or impossible when submitted to specially careful consideration. It will therefore be very useful to look a little more deeply into the matter; to contemplate the movement of the arteries and of the heart not only in man but in other animals with hearts; moreover, by frequent experiments on animals and much use of one's own eyes to discern and investigate the truth.

ALEX COMFORT

New Novels

The Schoolmistress. By RENÉE MASSIP. Trans. CECILY MACKWORTH. *Chatto & Windus.* 15*s.*

Sullivan. By WALTER MACKEN. *Macmillan.* 15*s.*

The Promoters. By STEPHEN LONGSTREET. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 16*s.*

The Brave Cowboy. By EDWARD ABBEY. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 15*s.*

Reeling from a rather long spell at the Fiction Bin, I approached this batch of novels with a fairly strong resistance, and can certify that while none of them is actually a carrier-away, all are lively and interesting enough to make you finish them. The least literary, the most artless, perhaps the most original, is *The Schoolmistress.* This is an account of a French village schoolmistress, despotic, high-principled and anti-clerical, as seen through the eyes of her daughter who comes home for her mother's funeral. The whole book makes an impression of complete authenticity. The ritual order of the home and the village are described with a delightful shrewdness.

> The gaze of the black-clad women rose to Claude's hat, then was lowered in embarrassment to her face. A gold pin was showing through the veil. 'The pin, Madame Claude! The gold pin—there', whispered the little servant. 'Excuse me, men and women of Bérérence, I never meant to offend you.' 'It doesn't matter. One has to conform, of course', explained the grieving gaze of the women.

And of course the pin is never quite forgotten. Details of this sort – beautifully observed, beautifully selected – build up an absolutely exact picture of the dead woman as her daughter knows her. Odd facts come out here and there in the process of settling her affairs, which soften and enrich the outline. Yet it remains very formidable; she was an upright teacher, a dominant wife and a terrifying mother. The book has not the relief which could have been given either by going back to the days before she carried all this armour, or by contrasting her life more fully with the freer life of the daughter – which is hinted at, but not developed to make a counterpoise. It has, in fact, a little too much of the unbalance that infects one's assessments of real people, it is limited and one-sided, and it is worth about twenty of those slickly-planned novels which present-a-story-from-twelve-different-viewpoints. It is a first novel, and is most sensitively translated by Cecily Mackworth.

Sullivan on the other hand is its author's sixth novel, and shows, with a beautiful development of style, symptoms of ossification in the plot. It is the story of a small-town back-street Irish boy with a natural gift for acting. The history of his childhood, of his attempts to get rid of his dreary surroundings now by dramatising them away, now by working like a fiend to escape them, is delightful and genuine. I will even swallow the way he kills his stutter, and the beginnings of his success story are good and convincing too. But Mr Macken, having begun to raise the question what happens to a man, inside, when he becomes an actor – having begun, and seen what size of thing was coming out of his pot, clamps the lid back quickly and finishes the job with a corny flourish of death-bed sentiment and a

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good woman's love. It will suit the Book Societies, and it cannot really spoil the novel, but it leaves it merely lively and attractive where it might have been fascinating. Mr Macken is yet another tantalising example of the paradoxical state of the Irish in this century, this strange hypertrophy of the verbal faculty. His writing is effortlessly right; compared with average English writing it is like a seal's swimming compared with a man's. But will he use it to go anywhere? He will not.

The Promoters is, I think, a much more satisfying job. At a glance it is another of those bulging American hold-alls which are always excellent entertainment value: the story of a vigorous Southern businessman surging on from making a fortune out of Vitamin Cola to crash his way into railroad business and local politics; of his right-hand man who is an alcoholic and the right-hand man's efficient secretary and the other businessmen and politicians and the Negro barmen . . . Good American writers of this school have an astonishing fertility in fascinating characters, and Mr Longstreet is unquestionably a very good writer; his Dickensian pageant unrolls richly in every direction and never gives the slightest sense of being forced or faked. Here and there, however, he seems deep as well as wide, and that is not so usual. The alcoholic, who is also the narrator, seemed to me at first just a stock object – it is after all an accepted thing that hectic contemporary novels must be freely punctuated either by drinks or by the agonised refusal of drinks, and there is something to be said for the thought that the latter are more interesting to read about. But in this case the drinks mount up to a tremendous bout of DTs which contain a vision, and the alcoholic understands both what made him drink and what made him so insatiably ambitious. This understanding remains with him afterwards, and makes a remarkably effective denouement to a theme which is usually a lot easier to start than to resolve. This is only one example of the way in which Mr Longstreet can pierce the facade of wisecracks with a real piece of sober judgment. He is even, what is rare in a witty writer, genuinely humorous; his hypochondriac journalist is a pearl. Altogether this is a good example of a good species; unless you want something very sedative I can confidently recommend it. *The Brave Cowboy* is quite a different affair. It is not hectically contemporary, it is so noble and traditional it is amazing it can get away with it. The idea, in fact, is rather ingenious. A cowboy has an intellectual friend who gets jailed for a curious kind of conscientious objection. He is due to be taken shortly from the local jail to a Federal one. So the cowboy hides files in his boots and gets drunk and disorderly (good scene) so that he is shut up too. (Why don't they search him?) He tries to persuade the friend to escape with him and hide out with his family in the mountains. The friend says thank-you but there is no future in that, and he will serve his time. So the cowboy escapes on his own and there is a most unputdownable man-hunt after him in the mountains. It is an exciting and curious book. What spoiled much of it for me was again traditionalism. It belongs to the School of Progressive Fiction in which officers of the law have to be perpetually making rude noises and scratching rude bits of themselves in the brief intervals between their enormous meals, while intellectuals, when asked what they are working on, reply 'A new theory of value, a general theory of good and evil, beauty and ugliness, progress and regress'. To be serious, this book goes on as though there had never been anything whatever to be said for civilisation. If that were true, we should have no problems. But if you don't mind supposing it for an evening, you can get quite a lot from it. And the prison scenes are appalling.

MARY SCRUTTON

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The Spiral Path

Candles in the Sun. By EMILY LUTYENS. *Hart-Davis.* 25*s.*

This is the story of Lady Lutyens's relations with the Theosophical Society which she joined in 1910 and left twenty years later. It is a book of considerable charm as well as a rich feast for the connoisseur of the odd and the eccentric in the world of mystical mumbo-jumbo. Unless you are prepared for it, some of the oddness may take you unawares. The younger generation are advised to begin with the appendix, which consists of brief biographies of leading Theosophists, so as to orientate themselves.

The fabulous Madame Blavatsky, one-third charlatan, one-third psychopath, one-third genius, had died in 1891. The canon, which she and the American Colonel Olcott had founded, was preserved by Mrs Besant and Dr Leadbeater. (It included, besides some pleasantly vague cosmology, a belief in the reappearance of Avatars, and a hierarchy of Great Ones: the Master Morya and the Master Koot Hoomi, who lived on opposite sides of a narrow ravine in Tibet, and the Master the Count, who had a castle in Hungary.) How the forceful, and in so many respects rational, Mrs Besant, of whose powerful new-woman type of personality Lady Lutyens gives a vivid impression, could have swallowed all this whole remain a puzzle. Dr Leadbeater is another story. Quit apart from the scandal that split the Society i 1906 – 'He owned to having taught masturbatio in certain cases where the aura of the boy showe that he was being troubled by sexual desires' – his behaviour reminds you of a Charles Addam *New Yorker* cartoon. Lady Lutyens describe how he presided over the education of Krishna murti, the chosen Avatar, and his brother, read ing aloud to them for bedtime stories, *Dracul* and *The Beetle Mystery* (a horrific Edwardia occult thriller with a markedly bisexual theme to accustom them to the idea that perfect lov casteth out fear. I should like to know more abou Leadbeater's latter years as a Liberal Catholi Bishop in Australia.

That the vast majority of Theosophists – th Society numbered about a hundred thousand – were perfectly respectable and perfectly sincere goes without saying. They formed a curious band of overlapping ideologies, like some little Romantic Revival, whose affiliations, with vegetarianism shading off into Shavian socialism, deserve to be more extensively traced. Lady Lutyens writes about her own conversion and deconversion – and her husband's tolerance – with admirable objectivity. She never apologises, never explains, yet seems to tell all. In her case the emotional focus became Krishnamurti himself, a character of exceptional integrity and purity who survived triumphantly all the unhingeing experiences of his education, resigned from Theosophy and continues to follow his own path of monistic spirituality. Lady Lutyens was closely associated with him from the time he arrived in England as a boy of fifteen, and became utterly devoted to him so that her dearest wish was to be chosen as his disciple. She herself probably had far more influence over him than she realises.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Shorter Reviews

Conjugal Life. By HONORÉ DE BALZAC. *Neville Spearman.* 15*s.*

We need far more and far better translations of Balzac, so that the English can grow to love him and realise what they have been missing. But the *novella, Pinpricks of Married Life* and the aphorisms, *Physiology of Marriage*, appearing under the general title *Conjugal Life*, might well have been made to wait till the end of the queue. *Petites Misères de la Vie Conjugale* is not among Balzac's most interesting books. It is the story of the awfulness of being married – by necessity – to a young girl: for Balzac, the woman between thirty and forty, the experienced, undemanding mistress, was everything. It is told by means of aphorism and commentary, a rather effective method Miss Compton Burnett, for instance, could use tellingly: but it is dull and cold. It is even doubtful whether Balzac was much of a comedian; some people find themselves stonily unamused by *L'Illustre Gaudissart. Pinpricks of Married Life* and its companion are meant to be sourly funny; to the reader today they are likely to seem unfunny, and too localised both in space and time. Yet as a novelist of love Balzac is incomparable: he knows much more about women than any novelist except, perhaps, Tolstoi. As an aphorist of love he is hopelessly inferior to Stendhal.

P. H. J.

Man and Automation. By L. LANDON GOODMAN. *Penguin Books.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

There is no assumption more smug, arrogant, and obnoxious, than that the majority of us, if liberated from earning our own living, would at once become bored, murderous, and immoral. Automation will be the means of giving this unctuous pessimism the lie. Mr Landon Goodman knows this well enough, and

comprehensive but rather dull book is based on knowledge that automatic techniques do not radically change our economy but intensify certain of its problems.

He summarises the history of automatic handling in manufacturing process and, in the body of his book, discusses modern advances and techniques. The final chapters are a consideration of the effects of automation on human beings. Here Mr Landon Goodman shows himself wanting. It is good to see 'Work is a social activity, links a man to society and gives him status' in print. However, when it comes to exploring just what that link is and on what basis the status is judged, he gets rather coy. He cannot, or will not, draw the conclusion that these techniques affect our political superstructures in a way that makes changing them essential; and that our trade unions, if they continue to trifle with political responsibility, will fail to gain control of these new devices. What is more, when increased leisure comes, how will the entertainment industry fare, vital as it is nowadays in keeping people as silly and complacent as possible? These are the key questions and somebody must answer them, soon.

C. L.

Dictionary of Spanish Literature. By MAXIM NEWMARK. *Peter Owen.* 45*s*.

So long as one knows the order of the alphabet, and then what to look for under it, the dictionary form of covering a literature has much to commend it. The compiler's worst problems of arrangement are automatically solved by A, B, and (in the case of Spanish) the twenty-seven other conventional symbols, so that the often unreal labour of attempting to channel *all* the material into streams and movements recedes into the background, where it more properly belongs. Systematic critical obsessions also have little scope to develop, unless the compiler cheats grossly and detectably. Mr Newmark plays quite fair on this score and the brief summings-up in his longer articles all seem, as he claims, to be 'representative rather than subjective'. Sometimes the 'representative' leads to platitudes such as: 'The fact that it says so many things to so many different individuals is testimony of its greatness' (no marks for identifying the work in question), but even that is an end-sentence of the kind which it is sometimes difficult to avoid writing.

On all factual points the book covers Spanish and Spanish-American literature admirably. Authors, prominent works, *genres*, forms and -isms are treated with scholarship, but without fuss or pedantry. The bibliographical references omit little of importance up to 1953-54. In fact, this is such a sound and useful book that one would like to know more about it and its author. It is visibly one of those books which was originally set up and published in America and is republished here from sheets. The English publisher cannot touch the text, but he might reasonably be expected to give some information about the original edition on his new jacket.

G. B.

The Frame of Order. Edited by JAMES WINNY. *Allen & Unwin.* 26*s*.

In this very useful, if slightly expensive, book, Mr. Winny excerpts from eleven treatises of the sixteenth century—nearly all of them little accessible except in great libraries—an outline of Elizabethan belief in Man, the Body Politic, and the Universe, 'with the particular aim of providing a rudimentary handbook . . . for those who study the literature of the period'. What we are given possesses, in fact, as fair a claim to rank among Shakespeare's sources as do the *Ecatommiti* and the *Arcadia* and *Rosalynde* and *Pandosto*. Thomas Kyd's lost play would probably not bring us so close to the mind of Hamlet as does Annibale Romei's account, in his *Courtiers Academy*, of the four states of existence open to a human being:

> If a man addict himself only to feeding and nourishment, he becometh a plant; if to things sensual, he is as a brute beast; if to things reasonable and civil, he groweth a celestial creature; but if he exalt the beautiful gift of his mind to things invisible and divine, he transformeth himself into an angel.

And Othello's

> I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me:
> Lend me thy handkerchief

although merely banal in its aspect as a dramatising of something in Cinthio's story, is ominous in the context of Timothy Bright's *Treatise of Melancholy*—for there we learn that even an equable nature is endangered by a salt phlegm, since 'then approacheth it to the nature of choler, and in like thereof riseth anger and frowardness.' Mr. Winny points out these and other correspondences in an admirable introductory essay. And he indicates certain misconceptions that a study of such material as he presents will remove; Thomas Digges's *Perfect Description of the Celestial Orbs*, for example, will show us that the presentation of the Copernican system was such as to occasion little alarm and despondency in orthodox minds. A collection like this cannot have the immediate attractiveness of one illustrating the social history of a period; and some of the extracts are rather heavy going. But they are all wholesomely instructive, and Mr. Winny presents them with a commendable absence of editorial fuss.

J. I. M. S.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,429 **Set by Richard Lister**

The usual prizes are offered for a bouquet in 6 lines of verse to be presented to Miss Vivien Leigh for her efforts to save the St. James's Theatre. Entries by July 30.

Result of No. 1,426 **Set by Naomi Lewis**

Prizes are offered for a summing-up, in four, six or eight lines of epigrammatic verse, of the first half of 1957.

Report

In the light of eternity, or at least of history, what will remain of the past six months?

> A cleaner Bomb, an unclean Bond,
> A Comet riding in the Heavens,
> A pinchbeck *Mayflower* on the Pond:
> What other fame is Fifty-seven's?

So began E. C. Jenkins, before tailing off below prize level. Even so, the time was clearly too close for judgment. There were the tests and the Tests, some births and deaths, the chess-board of Parliament, and of course the weather, which, owing to our strong sense of the pathetic fallacy, really makes the deepest impact of the lot. Sometimes the list carried a pleasing comment.

> We heard the rock and roll, the Marseillaise;
> There were big bangs and oily days.
> We left Eden or he left us;
> It was harder than ever to go by bus.
> Not many who reached June fifty seven
> Could honestly hope to go to Heaven.
>
> (Desmond Skirrow)

But human memory is erratic; major events are forgotten; small things colour the large; the large are seen in relation to the small. More might have been done with this interplay. Or was it the manner that made the results, by competitors' own standards, disappointing? Without actually walking as far as the dictionary, one may expect an epigram to be not heavy and slow—not as long-drawn-out as possible inside the permitted limits–but pithy, pointed, concise. And certainly the lines, on their own terms, should *scan*. Treading carefully, then, between all these complaints, we award a guinea to each one printed. Runners-up include Christopher Driver, Guy Hadley, Guy Kendall, Anne Seraillier, D. E. Burbidge, Margaret Dunnett, R. A. McKenzie, L. K. Bluntmore.

> His Middle Eastern fever cured,
> For these six months the world endured
> Tornado, tidal-wave, and drought,
> And bomb-trial, turn and turn about.
> Now Science comes to doctor his sick
> System with some Geo-Physic.
>
> G. T. BLUNDELL

> Edinburgh on TV
> Quieter now in Hungary
> Massacres *en Algérie*
> Rent Act sets *some* people free
> Ike has been firm with Mr D.
> One hears much less of K. and B.
> Now *very* quiet in Hungary—
> And Edinburgh on TV.
>
> FRANCIS IBBETSON

> A Parthian backward glance at '57,
> From flaming June to jaundiced January,
> Reveals a lump with precious little leaven,
> A soggy mass that never seems to vary.
> The Colonel still unsleeving all the tricks
> Left over from November, '56.
>
> LEO SPERO

> Six hands played and the dealer's Mac.
> Two tricks down on the new-cut pack.
> Queen to lead as a kind of bluff.
> East revokes after turning rough.
> Mac gets bolder, bangs down trumps.
> Bang plus Bang. What-ho, she bumps.
> Six hands played with nothing to show.
> Six more horrible hands to go.

(Jan.: Macmillan government; Feb.: Lewisham and Carmarthen; March: H.M. visits Portugal; April: Nehru's apology for Goa criticism; May and June: bombs.)

TROOPER JONES

> Suez opened, petrol freed;
> H Bomb tests and cancerous weed;
> Higher rents, Shop Act torn;
> Apartheid rife, Ghana born;
> Russia intrigues; Ike's been ill;
> Cost of living's rising still;
> Six months gone and six to wait
> For better things in fifty-eight.
>
> VERA TELFER

> Democracy, a many-splendoured thing,
> In Moscow booted Mollie from the ring.
> At Westminster, it took a different tack,
> Our MPs got more pay, and not the sack.
> Disarming talk was heard while bombs were tested,
> Macmillan toiled and spun while Eden rested,
> And from the Biscay shore to distant Thrace,
> United Europe mopped its sun-struck face.
>
> GUY HADLEY

City Lights

Peter and the Wolf

Someone, there is no doubt about it, has concocted a plot against poor dear Mr Thorneycroft. Things were running themselves very nicely a couple of weeks ago. The credit squeeze, that distinctively Conservative contribution to economic progress, is well into its third year – and medicine so unpleasant must be doing everyone a great deal of good. Exports may not be rising very well, but neither are imports: the country's standard of living is being held back successfully and the investment on which its future standard of living depends is being successfully throttled. This year, with any luck at all, we shall get a sizeable balance of payments surplus. Everything was going reasonably well, the summer recess was at hand, when, pouf! the headlines are shouting about inflation and economic crisis.

Poor dear Mr Thorneycroft was caught off balance. He thought everyone had foreseen the latest batch of price increases months ago, and accepted them as the result of the spring's wage settlements and the inevitable legacy of his predecessor's plateau. They caused such a rumpus

ALBERT E. REED & CO. LTD.—ANNUAL STATEMENT BY THE CHAIRMAN

"Britain's major supplier of the most comprehensive range of paper, paperboard and packaging products"

LORD CORNWALLIS REVIEWS EXPANSION OF **REED PAPER GROUP** ACTIVITIES DURING 1956-57

In his annual statement presented on July 15th to the Fifty-fourth Annual General Meeting of Albert E. Reed & Company Ltd., paper manufacturers and converters, the Rt. Hon. Lord Cornwallis of Linton, K.B.E., M.C., the Chairman, described to shareholders the expansion of Reed Paper Group activities which had taken place during the past year. The companies which had joined the Group during the year had consolidated its position as "*the major supplier in this country of the most comprehensive range of paper, paperboard and packaging products.*"

Board Manufacture

During the course of his statement Lord Cornwallis said:— "By the acquisition of Colthrop Board & Paper Mills Ltd. situated at Thatcham, Berkshire, the Reed Paper Group entered the field of board manufacture giving an additional source of raw material for the Group's converting companies. The Colthrop company has been well known for many years as one of the principal board manufacturers in the United Kingdom and has a new board mill under construction which it is hoped will come into operation in the autumn of this year, and which will give us an additional capacity for board manufacsure of approximately 50,000 tons per annum.

Folding Carton Factories in North & South

"Cropper & Co., Ltd., and Cut-Outs (Cartons) Ltd., whose factories are at Thatcham, Berkshire, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne respectively, are two of the principal folding carton manufacturers in the United Kingdom, and together with the Group's existing company, Paper Converters Ltd., should provide in this field an interest comparable to that which the Group already holds in corrugated cases and multi-wall sacks. With carton factories in the north and south the Reed Paper Group is in a position to give an exceptional area service to carton users all over the country.

Corrugated & Solid Case Manufacture

"Cropper & Co., Ltd., also has a subsidiary company, Containers Ltd., with a factory at Thatcham, whose activity is divided between corrugated fibreboard cases and solid fibreboard cases. The former is a useful addition to the Group's interest in corrugated case manufacture, while the latter gives entry into the solid fibreboard case market which for the Group is a new manufacturing interest. Another subsidiary company of Cropper & Co., Ltd., operates a fleet of some 80 heavy transport vehicles which are engaged principally in the transport of the raw materials and the finished products of the group of companies located at Thatcham.

Packaging Research & Development Services

"With the growth of our activity in the packaging field we consider it essential that our research and development division be expanded to match the increased responsibilities to our customers. With this in mind we have been fortunate in engaging the services of Dr. G. L. Riddell, who has been well known for many years as the director of research of the Printing, Packaging and Allied Trades Research Association. It will be his task to ensure that our research and development services in packaging keep pace with the growth of the Group's interests and activity in this sphere. We will then be in a position not only to tackle production problems and to design new packages of all kinds, but will also have an advisory service to assist customers in all their packaging problems.

Printing Papers

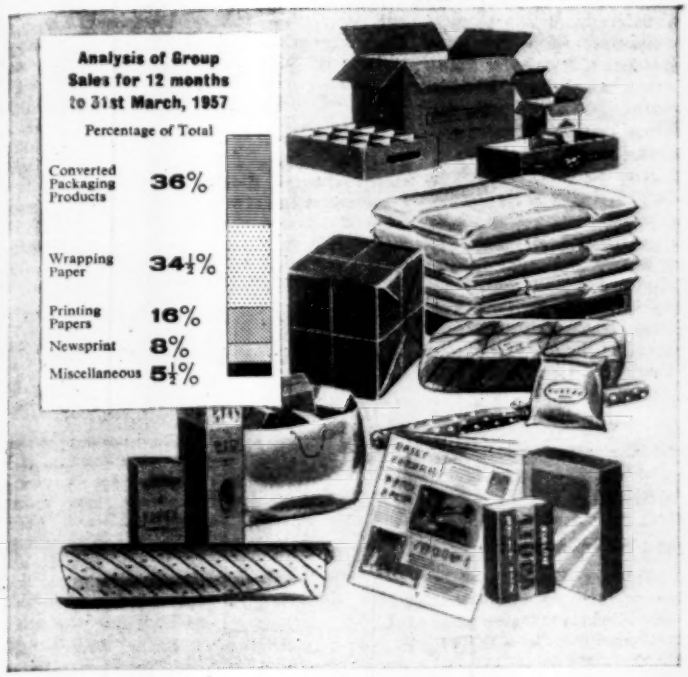
"I have placed considerable emphasis on the packaging side of the Group's activity, but it must not be overlooked that we have very important interests in the production of a wide range of printing papers. This side of the Group's business constitutes nearly 25 per cent of our turnover. We are sometimes described as a 'newsprint and paper' company. In fact, sales of newsprint account for only one-third of our total sales of printing papers and it would be much more correct if we were to be described as a 'paper, paperboard and packaging group.'

New Machine at Aylesford

"I referred last year to our hope that the new No. 13 machine at Aylesford Paper Mills would be installed and in production by the spring of 1957. The manufacturers have been unable to keep to their construction programme with the result that the start-up will be delayed by approximately six months. When this machine is in production, not only will our participation in the printing papers field be increased, but we shall be able also to increase the packaging paper production of other machines.

Cellulose Wadding Manufacture

"Following my reference last year to our associated company, Kimberly-Clark Ltd., I am pleased to tell you that that company's new high speed cellulose wadding machine came into operation in April and is believed to be the most up to date and fastest machine of its kind in Western Europe. This new machine will enable Kimberly-Clark Ltd. to keep pace with the ever-increasing demand for cellulose creped wadding products, including the well-known Kleenex, Kotex and Delsey."


Analysis of Group Sales for 12 months to 31st March, 1957
Percentage of Total
Converted Packaging Products 36%
Wrapping Paper 34½%
Printing Papers 16%
Newsprint 8%
Miscellaneous 5½%

CONSOLIDATION IN FACE OF LESS FAVOURABLE TRADING CONDITIONS

Lord Cornwallis began his statement to shareholders by saying that the past year had been one of consolidation of the Group's extensive interests against a background of less favourable trading conditions. Production and turnover had been maintained and in some sections increased although, as had been stated when the interim dividend was declared, profit margins had narrowed, mainly due to higher wages, fuel and transport costs. However, in the last quarter of the Company's financial year, conditions had begun to improve.

Profits, reserves and dividends

The Chairman went on to tell shareholders that the consolidated Group profit for the year ended 31st March, 1957, after charging depreciation, but before providing for taxation, amounted to £5,691,434 as against £6,671,182 last year. This had been achieved from a turnover, including inter-company sales, of £58,500,000 against a figure of £53,600,000 last year, and in these figures the effect of reduced margins was clearly reflected. The turnover and profits included the results of Colthrop Board & Paper Mills Ltd. and Cropper & Co., Ltd., for seven months and of Cut-Outs (Cartons) Ltd. for three months; the total amounts contributed by these companies for the periods stated were £316,877 profits and approximately £3,800,000 turnover.

The Chairman then reported that the Board felt justified in adhering to the forecast of the distribution to be made in respect of the year ended 31st March, 1957, and, therefore, recommended payment of a final dividend of 10 per cent, less income tax on the Ordinary share capital.

Assets

The consolidated Group balance sheet showed that at book values the total net interest of the shareholders of the parent company had increased from just under £23,000,000 to just over £38,600,000. This increase of some £15,600,000 was accounted for partly by the issue of new capital for cash in June last year, partly by the issue of capital in the acquisition of new companies and the remainder by retained profits.

Lord Cornwallis continued:—"Shareholders will be aware that very large investments have been made by the Group during the past few years in the development of associated companies; these investments have not yet come fully to fruition. Modern papermaking machines designed to run at high speeds have become exceedingly complex, requiring up to three years for their construction and installation. With one big new paper machine nearing completion at Aylesford Paper Mills and a large board machine nearing completion at Colthrop Board & Paper Mills, benefits accruing from these large investments should begin to show themselves within the next year or two. Our investments in Kimberly-Clark Ltd. and in Tasman Pulp & Paper Co., Ltd., were entered into in the recognition that both undertakings might require quite long-term development before producing substantial income."

Prospects in challenging conditions

Referring to the future, the Chairman's statement included the following:—"Now what are our prospects? I mentioned earlier in this statement that market conditions had improved towards the end of the last financial year. However, we view the immediate future with some caution as the paper industry is bound to feel the effects of difficulties in the international situation and the continuation of the 'credit squeeze' . . .

"While there does not at present appear to be any sign of a serious trade recession, this element of caution is apparent throughout the whole economy . . . A further factor . . . is the indication that the volume of new plant being installed by the world paper industry, and, indeed, in the United Kingdom, and due to come into production in two or three years' time, may well mean that the demand for paper products will be temporarily overtaken. But in the long term . . . it appears that the introduction of a variety of new uses for paper, the expansion of those already existing and normal increase in population must enhance the demand for paper products. Our confidence in our ability to play our full part in catering for this increased demand remains undiminished."

Dealing with the proposals to establish a European free trade area Lord Cornwallis said that close study had been given to the subject. "In a situation where a principal source of supply of raw materials for the British paper industry is in the hands of the northern European countries, themselves large-scale paper producers, and likely to be participants in the proposed free trade area, there are obvious dangers of which we must take heed, because of the considerable cost advantage these countries enjoy due to their ability to integrate woodpulp and paper production . . . If comprehensive agreements are adopted and adhered to by all the participating countries, ensuring equal opportunity of access to the area's raw materials and elimination of unfair competitive practices, then there should be sufficient safeguards to enable the British paper industry to continue competitive production in the United Kingdom . . .

Royal visit to Aylesford

"We were honoured on 30th April to receive a visit at Aylesford from His Royal Highness The Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh. His Royal Highness made a comprehensive tour of the woodpulp handling and preparation plants and also saw paper machines manufacturing kraft wrapping papers and printing papers. After his tour of the paper mills he paid a brief visit to the new factories of Kimberly-Clark Ltd., which are also situated on the Aylesford site."

Spirit of the Group

The Chairman concluded by quoting from a statement of policy by the Managing Director which had formed one of the Group's advertisements.

"**The Reed Paper Group is an integrated, efficient whole . . . yet it is also 19 separate major companies concerned with every aspect of papermaking and converting. Each of them, while having access to Group resources, retains its individuality and independence, and understands the character and aims of the Group so well that it can think and act for itself. To our customers and shareholders, we feel we may confidently say 'YOU profit from the initiative of each Company backed by the resources of the Group'.**

"We think that the spirit conveyed by this statement is the surest foundation for the future prosperity of the Reed Group of Companies. There are many who are now leaders in the Group who remember the days when it was a much smaller concern. As the Group has grown, so they have grown with it. The same spirit of individual enterprise imbues them, loyalties are as strong, enthusiasm for achievement has not lessened; in fact, this spirit of endeavour permeates the whole Group."

"YOU profit from the initiative of each Company backed by the resources of the Group"

ALBERT E. REED & CO. LTD. (AYLESFORD, TOVIL AND BRIDGE MILLS) • THE LONDON PAPER MILLS CO. LTD. • EMPIRE PAPER MILLS LTD. • THE SUN PAPER MILL CO. LTD. • COLTHROP BOARD & PAPER MILLS LTD. • THE SOUTHERN PAPER STOCK CO. LTD. • E. R. FREEMAN & WESCOTT LTD. • REED PAPER SALES LTD. • REED CORRUGATED CASES LTD. • CONTAINERS LTD. • POWELL LANE MANUFACTURING CO. LTD. • CROPPER & CO. LTD. • CUT-OUTS (CARTONS) LTD. • PAPER CONVERTERS LTD. • MEDWAY PAPER SACKS LTD. • BROOKGATE INDUSTRIES LTD. • REED FLONG LTD. • THE KEY ENGINEERING CO. LTD. • HOLOPLAST LTD.
In association with Kimberly-Clark Ltd., makers of "Kleenex", "Kotex" and "Delsey" (Regd. T.M's).

THE REED PAPER GROUP Head Office: 105 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

Reed PAPER GROUP

mainly because they happened to coincide with the union conference season (how Mr Cousins trumpeted!), a time of year when news is scarce and headlines need imagination. The latest economic crisis, his officials muttered crossly into the Chancellor's ear, is nothing more than a newspaper stunt. Ah! But the eagerness with which government supporters have pounced suggests more than a sudden and manufactured anxiety about rising prices. The readiness with which the general public has accepted the idea of another crisis, the bored contempt with which it seems to have received the Chancellor's little homilies, suggests a deep and widespread lack of confidence in the competence of the government.

In the City, this lack of confidence is particularly marked. The stampede out of gilt-edged and out of sterling was caused not only by a general and sudden conviction that creeping inflation is here for good—convictions do not arise so suddenly and so universally—but by a feeling that the government does not know its business. Not everyone in the City, after all, has very sophisticated ideas about economic policy; a good many people suppose that inflation is inflation whatever the circumstances, that whenever prices go up the government ought to clamp down further on all kinds of spending and the wise investor switch into equities on the assumption that it won't. Last week, in fact, the newspapers and the stock market worked themselves up into a little flutter of excitement about the Chancellor's speech: Stores dropped, gilt-edged stopped dropping. All the market got was an insultingly and misleadingly platitudinous set of economic home truths for tiny tots, padded out with an announcement that nationalised industries will have to pay more for their loans. This, since their investment plans are subject to government control, will merely add a little more to the cost and the price of coal, electricity, gas, transport and nuclear power. The City was not amused.

In the City, of course, people still grumble angrily about the irresponsibility of the unions, but you will also find there an open and general contempt for the government. It has adopted the sort of economic precepts which elderly bank clerks mutter to their young and put them into practice with dogmatic obstinacy: when the results are disastrous it blames the mood of the country and stands aside. To cover its own technical incompetence, for example, it has thrown the-free-play-of-supply-and-demand at the gilt-edged market, a market which has been managed for generations, and people are already beginning to wonder whether gilt-edged will ever recover from it. Mumbling caution-rather-than-expansion, it has maintained for 2½ years a credit squeeze (which even its warmest advocates think should be short and sharp) for longer than the City cares to think about: and while resources run to waste, prices rise, the gold reserve falls, and sterling remains obstinately out of favour on the exchanges of the world. The City is beginning to feel that governments should govern, and that a little intelligent planning would do no great harm. Mr Thorneycroft has finally succeeded in making the Opposition respectable.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 401. After the Adjournment

To have reached the adjournment with a slight advantage is pleasing enough; more so when one is about to seal a move which contains quite some tactical finesse and an immediate threat that may force the opponent to compromise his position still further and perhaps fatally. Such must have been the thoughts of J. Visser when (White against C. Orbaan in the recent Dutch tournament) he sealed (41) Kt-B4; the threat obviously being (42) P-K6, P x P; (43) P-B7, K-K2; (44) Kt x KP, K x P; (45) Kt-Q8 ch, winning the Bishop. If Black tries to avoid this by . . . B-R1, White gets a clearly won ending by (42) K-Q4, followed by Kt x P. Hence, Black must try something less passive by exploiting his counter-chances on the Q-wing. He plays . . . . P-QR4!, and if White now went for the QP immediately by K-Q4 etc., there are various lines with at least a draw and possibly a win for Black. Hence White played (42) P-K6!, K-K1 (forced); (43) P-K7, K-Q2; (44) K-Q4. So far, so good, and, no doubt, White has considerably strengthened his position in the last few moves. But the crucial point has only just been reached, and by playing the all too obvious . . . P-Kt4 at once, Black soon lost. It required Max Euwe's extremely thorough *post mortem* analysis to find out that by . . . K-Q3 Black could have put up much stronger defence with many a headache in store for White. But here first is what actually happened: . . . P-Kt4?; (45) K-B5, P-Kt5; (46) P x P, P-R5; (47) Kt-K2, P-R6; (48) Kt-B3, B-R5; (49) K x P, P-R7; (50) Kt x P, B-Kt6 ch; (51) K-B5, B x Kt; (52) P-Kt5, B-Kt6; (53) P-Kt6, B-R5; (54) P=Q ch!, resigns. Obviously P-Kt7 could have been countered by . . . K-B2 whereas (52) . . . B-Kt8 would have been refuted by (53) K-Q4!. Now let's go back ten moves to look at Euwe's (44) . . . K-Q3! Now if White tried the tempting (45) Kt x P, Black could easily draw by . . . P-Kt4; (46) Kt-K3, K-K3; (47) K-5B, B-Q2; (48) Kt-Q5, P-Kt5! etc. Hence

(45) Kt-R5! P-Kt4; (46) Kt-Kt7 (robbing the Black K of s... P-Kt5; (47) P x P, P x P; (48) P – Q, B x Q; (49) Kt x B ch, K-Q... (50) Kt-Kt7, K-Q3; (51) Kt-R5, P-R3!; (52) Kt-B4, P-K... (53) K-B3, K-K4; (54) Kt-R5, K-B4; (55) K x P, K-Kt3; (... Kt-Kt3, K x P; (57) K-B3, K-K4; (58) P-R5, P-B4 (best); (... K-Q3, P-B5; (60) Kt-B1! (aiming at the vital square f3), K-... (61) K-Q4, K-Kt5; (62) K x P, K x P; (63) K-K4, K-Kt5; (... Kt-Q2, P-R4; (65) Kt-B3, P-R5; (66) Kt-Kt1, P-R6; (67) K-... etc. If (66) . . . K-Kt4; (67) K-B3, K-B4; (68) Kt-R3 etc.

A: Max Euwe 1934

The 4-pointer for beginne... is a game position in which... White went in for wh... Capablanca used to call ... *petite combinaison*. Net result... a P gained and a won ending... **B**, a win, and **C**, a draw... should be easy for 6 and ... ladder-points with the help... ful hints that what matters ... **A** is to keep the Black K out of White's "wrong" corner; whereas in **C** the question is how to tame those terrible passed pawns. Usual prizes. Entries by 29 July.

B: Olbrich Duras

C: Olbrich Duras 192...

REPORT on No. 398. Set 29 June

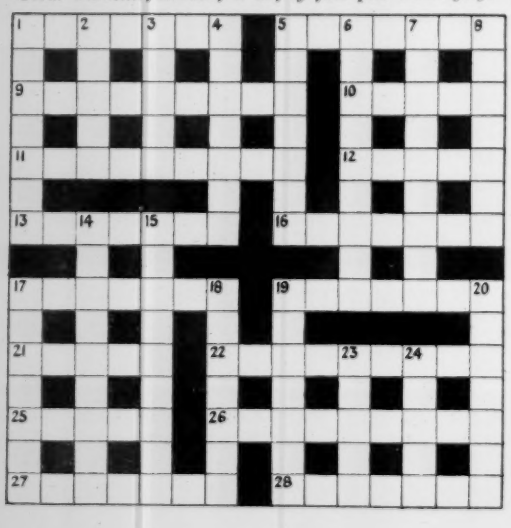
A: (1) QxKP ch, KtxQ; (2) B-B6 ch, K-R3; (3) B-Kt7 ch, K-R4; (4) R-R6 mate.
B: For White K on e2. *Key:* K-Q1. For White K on c1, *Key:* Kt-K6!
C: (1) Kt-Kt3, Kt-R5; (2) BxKt, Kt-Kt4; (3) Kt-R5 ch, K-Kt5; (4) Kt-B6 ch, KxB; (5) K-Kt2, any; (6) Kt-B3 mate.

Many stumped by **C**, hardly anyone by **B**. Prizes shared by A. J. Bamford, W. H. L. Brooking, J. C. Cock, C. Sandberg. Equally flawless: G. Abrahams, D. E. Cohen, J. R. Harman, A. J. Roycroft, N. G. Wilson.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 260

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 260, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 30 July.



ACROSS

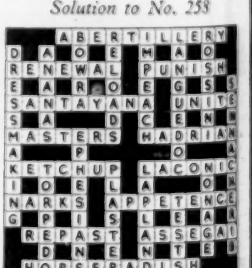
1. Hymn which is a bit backward in the middle (7).
5. Metal made with two animals (7).
9. Of a kind of music in which Chopin's variations form the finale (9).
10. 'The —— Grecian coaster' (Arnold) (5).
11. Suitable for cleaning nothing adulterated (9).
12. She is a total wreck (5).
13. The inexpert come in to celebrate murder (7).
16. The driver is missing in action (7).
17. Potentially is an act of evil (7).
19. Entice like the wayward tart in the performance (7).
21. To pronounce extreme (5).
22. Scientist and brother now take part in winter sports (9).
25. Consternation among the rival armies (5).
26. Letters before the examinations in stretches of coastline (9).
27. Greek place whose use may be discovered in disentangling lies (7).
28. The serious listener and the Home? (7).

DOWN

1. Little creatures in religious groups (7).
2. Athenian who is the reverse of the name to leave out (5).
3. Colouring matter found among the loch reeds (5).
4. Climber taking the strain (7).
5. Place in Ireland where the candle will soon go out? (7).
6. The illumination to strike a blow at one's unfortunate state (9).
7. Land of Hope (9).
8. Spring festival in a fashionable district (7).
14. Wind which brings a depression? (9)
15. I know nothing and, if I turn up, Virgil is among those celebrated before me (9).
17. Food is a union custom (7).
18. Mends stones (7).
19. Preacher with a job in beer (7).
20. Garments which finally make one victorious at tennis (7).
23. In the end the smell is grim (5).
24. Not to monopolise a farm implement (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 258



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 258

Joan Allan (London, E.1), Desmond Fitzsimons (Dublin), Jan Naar (New York, 11)

PERSONAL

A SYMPATHETIC foster home is required for a twelve-year-old Nigerian boy. Replies to the Children's Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames, quoting reference C/JM/135.

MOTHER, daughter 21, want home, gdn. Babysit/anything low rent. HAM. 5765.

ANGLOPHILE French boy (17) visiting friends in Kent and London seeks occupation enabling him spend remaining school holidays in England. Good English. Able rider. Any suggestions welcome. Box 3973.

TV. Producer (m.) seeks occasional night pied à terre Central London. Suggestions? Box 3979.

YNG. m. Grad. sks. compan. (m.) car tour France. Sept., sharing exes. Box 3956.

BACH., 30 (prof. writer), sks. m. companion (21-35) for a holiday &/or find/share flat. Interested arts, riding, m/cycling, sun, sea & country. Box 3959.

£7 weekly and all found. Pleasant room and bath for self-sufficient person as Working Housekeeper, small modernised house on bus route 2 miles Bucks market town, London one hour. Previous experience not necessary but interest and pride in good food and pleasant surroundings essential, also personal refs. Family consists parents, boy at boarding school and baby with nursemaid. Box 3742.

AN ENERGETIC Scotsman (graduate) desires loan of £1,500 for five years. Legal agreement. Box 3839.

GRAD. (f. 23) sks. companion (f.) to work round world one year. Box 3847.

PAYING Guests welcome Rome August. Madill, 36 Lee Tce. Blackheath S.E.3.

19-year-old German student boy would like exchange visit with English student, m or f., same age. Likes to be in England in August. Time in Germany (Bavaria, High Mountains) to be arranged Box 4082.

WOMAN, 30ish, wants another for holiday abroad. Might join party. Box 3977.

STUDENT will look after children for summer hol., pref. with family. Box 3976.

STUDENT reqs. interesting job immed. Can drive. WES. 5846, 6.30-7.30 p.m.

MOTHER'S Help wanted. London Dr.'s hse. Time for study. Wages. Box 4108.

1 or 2 seats avail. in Consul going S. France Aug. 10, ret. 26th. Box 4005.

TWO places car Catalonia, Aug. 17-Sept. 5. £15. Pittman, FEL. 2499.

SCHOOLMASTER sks. holiday post; hotel, secretl., shorthand/typing. Box 4114.

CARAVAN. Safari Four, sleeps four, equipped two. £225. HAR. 3171.

TWO vacant seats avail. to Russia August 10-31 approx. Box 4110.

ITALIAN lady student, 25, excel. family, domiciled Florence, wishes exch. visit English student about 6 months. Box 3702.

LE Touquet. Dble. room to let with cooking facilities. August 17-31 incl. £10. Jerome TUD. 7088.

GIPSY wagon, roomy, redecorated, sprung bunk, flap tables, cupboards, original stove, wired electricity, roadworthy. £100. View East Sussex. Box 3945.

EXCHANGE. House 3 miles Sth. Coast, similar pref. near mountains/river. Aug. Box 4031.

JOIN carefree holiday party. August. Swanage. Sport, dancing. Box 3939.

"U" DOGS only, shampooed, clipped, etc., at "Caniche" Dog Beauty Parlour, 89a Wigmore St., W.1. WEL. 3503.

FOREIGN Girls, domesticated and willing, immed. available. Eductour. KNI. 4132.

PAYING guests, acc. & exchanges in gd. fam. wanted for Continental children/mds. W. End, seaside, cntry. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd. S.W.7. KNI. 4132/KEN 8806.

CHILDREN'S seaside camping holiday, I.O.W., Aug. Age 11-plus. Dr. Osterguard, 12 Park Drive, N.W.11. SPE. 2509.

BANDOL, French Riviera. Part of villa to let September, October. 28 Park Ave., Bush Hill Park, Enfield, Middx.

CHILDREN over 10 welcomed to mix with children from France for summer months in Woodland Property in Chilterns (800ft). Information from The Town & Country School, 38/40 Eton Avenue, N.W.3.

HOLIDAY films developed, enlarged and returned next day. High quality work. From 5s. 3d. for eight exposures. Time of payment immaterial. Gilbert Moore, Cotmandene, Orpington.

HUMANISM is a modern outlook. Write: 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, London, W.8.

GRANADA, city of Falla and Lorca. If you know no Spanish, or if you know a great deal, there is a Course for you at the Sacro Monte now till August 24. Join when you like: stay as long as you like. Details of this pleasantest, most intelligent and cheapest holiday from Instituto de Lenguas Modernas, Apartado 244, Granada, Spain.

"SOUND News"—Information summary of Third Programme controversy free from: Sound Broadcasting Society, Barclays Bank, Millbank, London, S.W.1.

PERSONAL—continued

HOUSE PARTY HOLIDAYS

Join an informal house party by the sea in Britain (in Sussex, Cornwall, Wales), in Switzerland, Sweden, Italy or Austria, and enjoy a cheerful holiday in pleasant company at very reasonable cost (from 8gns. in Britain, £28 abroad).

ERNA LOW
47(H.P) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

GERMAN Claims are prepared and lodged through German Legal agency by Dr. jur. L. Henisch, LL.B./Lond., 6 Mansfield Road, Reading. Tel. 50071. Appointments wherever convenient.

LYRICS & Sketches wanted for Revue; also blood-curdling 1-act plays. Submit to Irving Theatre, Leicester Square.

PERSONAL happiness, social harmony, racial, religious and moral tolerance are all interdependent! Do you agree? Write Secretary (A), Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

ITALIAN, French, German knowledge for holidays. Easy, successful method. Also coaching to Univ. entrance. Mrs Chanda, 4C Holford Rd., N.W.3. HAM. 7322.

BENEFICIAL general massage by expert trained Nurse-Physiotherapist. Highly recomm. for tiredness & general well-being. Appointments HAM. 2514, 10 a.m.-5 p.m.

THE Art of Seeing. Readers impressed by Aldous Huxley's account of how his sight was saved by the methods of the late Dr. Bates, the celebrated American occulist & author of "Good Sight Without Glasses" may be interested to know that this technique is practised by the Misses Scarlett (LANgham 3626 and Brighton 52663).

LONDON Contact Lens Centres, 66 New Cavendish Street, W.1. Booklet sent. Def. terms. Branches: Oxford, Cambridge, Ipswich, Paris.

YOUR Writing Success begins with "Know-How." Send for Free N.3 "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." No Sales—No Fees tuition. B.A. School of Successful Writing Ltd., 124 New Bond St., W.1.

DEANER Printers, Ltd., for printing of Reports, Pamphlets, Leaflets & all Commercial Stationery, etc. 49 Hackney Rd., E.2. SHOreditch 3889/6040.

FOREIGN girls seek domestic posts, pref. "au pair." Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton St., S.W.3, KEN. 1586.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept. C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent Hse., Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving dets. & fees for our Courses & Criticisms, & success letters from students.

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FAMILY Planning without contraceptives. Confidential brochure giving detailed explanation of medically approved method used by millions of couples throughout the world now avail. 1s. post free. Gynometer Advisory Centre (CU), 16 Ingestre Place, W.1.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern Portable machines for hire from £1 monthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins. WEL. 6655 for details.

NATURAL family planning assured by the C.D. Indicator. No more elaborate calculations, this Swiss precision calculator does them for you. Reliability proved and use sanctioned by all religions. Write for free booklet: C.D. Indicator Advisory Bureau, 4 Avery Row, London, W.1.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. Regent Institute (Dept. E/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

DUREX gloves & all rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept. N.N., 34 Wardour Street, London, W.1.

REGINALD Reynolds' new play for the toy theatre, Massacre of Penny Plain, 3s. 6d. Catalogue of theatres & plays: Benjamin Pollock, 44 Monmouth St., W.C.2.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

STILL vacancies private party visiting Seville, Granada, Malaga. Sept. 7/22. Air to Gibraltar, coach after. 68 gns. Week End Club, 50 Northey Ave., Cheam, Surrey.

SUMMER VACANCIES

You can still be included in some of our parties or individual arrangements in Austria, Switzerland, Spain, Yugoslavia, Italy, Norway, Greece, or on a House Party holiday in Britain if you contact us right away.

ERNA LOW
47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL—continued

BON Viveur late season holidays for the connoisseur of the good things of life. Paris-Brussels. Portugal-Spain, Italy. Vineyards, etc. Brochure, Bon Viveur Holidays, 13 Panton Street, S.W.1. TRA. 2591/2.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

FURN. s/c. garden flat, St. John's Wood, 6 gns. p.w. Two rooms, kit. and bathroom, phone. Apply evenings. MAI. 7506.

LGE. sgle. furn. rm., N. Lond. Use tel., linen, bath, etc. Ckg. fcs. STA. 5085.

WOMAN (under 30) for ½-share Pimlico flat. Own room. Mod. rent. VICtoria 5794 evgs.; weekends.

OUR tenants say ours are the nicest rooms they ever saw. One double is vacant for someone who will travel 25 mins. for real comfort. 65s. HIL. 3751.

LOVELY sunny room, large and quiet. Wembley-Harrow area. H. & c., cooking facil., daily service, garden, 3 gns. 20 mins. Baker St. Phone Clarke COL. 8469 evening, WEL. 3921 day.

S. LONDON, s/c. flat to let Aug. 3-24. Sleep 3. 5½ gns. weekly. Box 4096.

SPACIOUS 3-bedroom furnished flat, sleep 4 or 5, 1 or 2 children considered, 5½ gns. weekly. L.A.B., GER. 9050.

HIGHGATE. Small divan-room 32s. 6d. Well-kept house. TUDor 8207.

VACANT July 20: N.6. Attractive v. light room, part. fully, or un-f. Separate door to shared kit. Garden. Near bus stop. Phone. £3 3s. p.w. Box 3978.

OFF Finchley Rd., nr. Hampstead Heath, cheerful sgle., dble. rooms, kitchenette, garden. Permanent/temporary. SWI. 2684.

UNFURN. flat W.11, s/c. 3 rooms, k. & b., gdn., grnd. floor. Reasonable rent. Lease & complete contents £700. Avail. immed. Owner emigrating. BAY. 1773 after 6.

TWO newly dec. well-furn. single bed-sit. rms., c.h., all conv., ckg. facs. Well connected. 'Phone MAI. 8796 after 6.30 p.m.

ST. Marylebone. Single & double accommodation with partial board available during summer months. 'Phone MAI. 4154.

CHELSEA: From Aug. 1. Two pleasant rooms interleading. Bedsit./Kit.-din. Share bath one other. £4 10s. Box 3823.

PROF./bus. women: div.-rms., kit., Hornsey, easy acc. City/W.End. MOU. 5438.

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35, from 52s. 6d. to 85s. partial board. Applic. forms & information. Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave., N.W.3.

PROF. woman seeks woman tenant. Maida Vale flat/Comf. divan-room, use kitchen, bath, tel. £2 2s. Box 3912.

SIMPLY furn. room Hampstead, use of big garden, reasonable rent, still reduced if car lift for invalid available. Box 3922.

TO let, furn. Hampstead flat July 27-Aug. 18. 6 gns. p.w. SWI. 2433. Box 3985.

LARGE room to let. Suit 1 or 2. Own ckg. facs. Ring TUDor 2623 after 5.

YOUNG woman offers share whole flat with 3 others from Aug. 1, own bedrooms. 2 mins. Finchley Road Stn. Box 4106.

ROOM avail. till Sept. in W.11. Flat for f. All facilities. £2 15s. Box 4113.

DOUBLE bed-sitting-room to let for friends or married couple. FAD. 8140.

S/C furn. flat S.W. Lond., mod. con., gge. Avail. 1 wom. Rent flexible. Box 4102.

HAMPSTEAD. Really charming Divan-room for prof. lady. Good-class acc. in author's house. Cooking facil., view garden. Nr. buses, Heath. £3. HAM. 7428.

TO let, furn. flatlet, own kitchen, gas-stove. H. & c. Crouch End. FIT. 0773.

SGLE. & dble. rms., own ckg. facs., sinks. Use tel. No obj. coloured people. Nr. Turnpike La. Stn. 15 mins. W/E. MOU. 6185.

FURN. cottage in country lane, to let July-Sept. 5 gns. Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon, Checkendon 221.

FURN. room. Use of bathroom. Suit yng. lady or gent. 35s. p.w. STA. 8302.

BROMLEY—under 30 mins. Victoria, Charing Cross, Holborn Viaduct. Divan b/s. in spacious detached house. Constant hot water. Cooker. Gas fire. Use bathroom, lounge, pleasant gdn. 2gns. single, 3gns. dble. No meals. Box 3924.

BARNES. Furn. room with gas-ring avail. in pleasant house. RIVerside 1925.

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63, Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 4886. Charming comfortable service rms., with board, reasonable.

COMF. furnished bed-sitting room to let. Suit lady. 'Phone MAI. 4912.

EDINBURGH Fest. Fam. hse., newly dec., fine view, cent., to let Aug. 10, 3 wks. 10 gns. p.w. Mann, 13 Merchiston Gdns.

FURN. holiday cottage by river nr. Midhurst, Sussex. Not detached. Slp. 3. Elec. Bathroom adj. 4gns. wkly. Box 4072.

FURNISHED Cottage, N.-East Kent coast. Sleep 4, all conveniences. Sept. 6 gns. weekly, 6 months £4 4s. Details: FLA. 6198.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

S.W.7. Lge. b/s.-rm. in lady's priv. flat. Sgle. or dble. Contemp. fur.; newly dec. Use kit., bath., tel. £3 10s. sgle., incl. cleaning, linen, light. Box 4069.

SMALL cottage to 3 adults, 3½gns. wk., inc. linen, plate & elec. Thanet village, good bathing within 7 mins. bus. Box 4058.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

ELDERLY Canadian professor & wife sk. Cen. Lon. flat, grd. flr. or lift. Not more 7 gns. p.w. Aug. 15-Sept. 15. Box 4079.

LARGE quiet divan-rm., N.W., S.W., W. or W.C., gas-ring, use bath, tel. Box 4026.

ACCOMMODATION with English families reqd. for foreign students. Apply: St. Giles School of Languages, 147 Oxford St., W.1. GER. 1460.

BUSINESS Executive, wife, daughter at college, seeks spacious furn. flat. Rental no object within reason. L.A.B., GER. 9050.

EGGHEAD cple. fleeing unsympathetic landlady sk. part-furn./unf. acc. Lon. Careful tenants, wd. caretake/babysit. Box 4086.

YNG. cple. with child req. modest furn. accom. W. or N.W. London pref'd. £4 p.w. 6 months' rent in advance. PER. 7269.

TWO teachers (f.) urgently require unfurn. 3-rm. flat London pref. N.E. Exc. ref. Moberly, 68A Sandringham Rd., E.8.

RESEARCH stud. 30 (m.), reqs. acc. & part board, convt. Cen. Lond. Box 3936.

SCIENTIST with wife, baby and piano seeks part-furn./unfurn. house/flat to rent, within 15 miles Redhill. Sturge, 8 Redburn Street, S.W.3.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

FIRST-floor mansion flat Battersea Park, 3 rooms, k. & b. Rent £10 yearly, rates £35. Lease 39 years, f. and f. inclusive, £1,850. Box 4016.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

MINISTRY of Works: Director General of Works. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for this permanent post in London. Age at least 40 on September 1, 1957. The Director General of Works controls the whole of the building and engineering work (including maintenance) of the Ministry of Works; this work involves in 1957-8 an expenditure of over £50 million. His senior staff include a Chief Architect, a Chief Mechanical and Electrical Engineer, a Director of Maintenance Services, a Chief Quantity Surveyor, each of whom has a large professional and technical staff. Applicants must have appropriate professional qualifications and must have had wide and varied experience in the design and erection of important buildings, including major public buildings, and in the organisation and direction of large building and civil engineering schemes. The ability to manage economically a large professional and technical staff and to supervise an industrial organisation, experience of cost control, and an interest in the techniques of management will be important qualifications. Salary £4,500. The post is expected to become vacant early in 1958. Further particulars and application forms from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S.4722/57/7. Appl. forms should be returned by August 22, 1957.

FOREIGN Office: Passport Control Examiner. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications from men for three pensionable posts. Passport Control Examiners are employed abroad in Europe and the Middle East. Duties consist of interviewing applicants for visas. Age at least 30 and under 45 on May 1, 1957. Candidates must have had a good general education and have a thorough command of two foreign languages (including French or German or Spanish) with a substantial language qualification, e.g., University degree or long residence abroad. Salary £710×£30 to £890 with additional overseas allowance. Promotion prospects. Particulars and application forms from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4724/57/8. Completed application forms should be returned by July 26, 1957.

H.M. TREASURY: The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for at least two posts of Economic Assistant. The appointments are initially for five years (or less by arrangement). Age at least 21 and preferably under 30 on July 1, 1957. Candidates must have at least a Second Class Honours degree in Economics or a related subject. Applications will be considered from those taking their degrees this summer. Salary (according to age and experience): £605-£1,055 (men); £605-£980 (women). Women's pay being improved to reach equality with men's by 1961. F.S.S.U. applies. Particulars and application form from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4715/57/8. Completed application forms should be returned by August 12, 1957. Candidates who applied in response to the recent similar advertisement need not re-apply.

MINISTRY of Supply. Librarian Grade IV. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for one pensionable post in London. Duties: General library work, including assistance to readers and the supervision of the periodicals reading room and inter-library loans. Age at least 22 years on July 1, 1957. Candidates must have become Fellows or Associates of the Library Association, or hold the Diploma of the London University School of Librarianship. They must have had experience of library work, preferably technical. Starting salary £525 (women £520) at age 22 to £625 (women £605) at age 25 or over. Men's maximum £1,000. Women's pay is being raised to reach equality with men's pay by 1961. Promotion prospects. Particulars and application form from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4726/57/11. Completed applications should be returned by July 30, 1957.

D.S.I.R. requires three Experimental Officers or Assistant Experimental Officers in library of Building Research Station, Garston, Herts. 1, Abstracting and translating technical literature (A203/7A); 2, To prepare publications for building industry based on Station's chemical, physical, engineering and operational research (A204/7A); 3, Assistant on technical publications for proof reading, bibliographies, etc. (A205/7A). Quals. G.C.E. "A" level in two science or maths. subjects, or equiv., over age 22, pass degree or equiv. generally expected. For post (1) good German or Russian essential and other languages useful. For post (2) writing ability and very broad background shared between arts and science or including study of scientific method and philosophy an advantage. For post (3) knowledge of French and/or German an advantage. Salary (men) in ranges £350 (age 18)—£755 (A.E.O.), £875—£1,075 (E.O.), rather less for women but Equal Pay Scheme. Five-day week. Forms from M.L.N.S., Technical and Scientific Register (K), 26 King Street, London, S.W.1, quoting appropriate reference.

UNIVERSITY College London (Gower St., W.C.1) requires for committee work well-educated woman, aged 25-40 with secretarial training. Experience in committee work, preferably univ. or educ., desirable. Salary range £650-£850. Pension. Applications, with names of two referées, should reach Assistant Secretary by July 31.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Hong Kong. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in History. Annual salary (superannuable) is £1,375×£50—£1,525 (man) or £1,040×£40—£1,160 (woman), together with an expatriation allowance of £225 a year if applicable. The equivalent of income tax in the Colony is comparatively low. First-class sea passages are provided for expatriate staff and their families on first appointment and leaves. Applicants should be Honours Graduates with appropriate qualifications and experience. Special qualifications in the modern history of East Asia would be an advantage. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in London and Hong Kong, is August 16, 1957.

UNIVERSITY of Cape Town. Applications are invited for a Lectureship in the Department of Botany. Preference will be given to candidates with qualifications in one of the following: (a) First year teaching in botany; (b) Algology, especially marine algology; (c) Cytology or cyto-genetics. The salary scale is £850×£50—£1,200 per annum. There is also a temporary cost of living allowance for a married man (at present £234 per annum). Applications (with copies of testimonials) should state age, qualifications, experience and research work completed or in progress and give the names of two referees whom the University may consult. Two copies of the application and testimonials should reach the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1 (from whom memoranda giving the general conditions of appointment and further information about the work of the department of Botany should be obtained) no later than August 31, 1957. An additional copy should be sent direct by air mail to the Registrar, University of Cape Town, Private Bag, Rondebosch, Cape Town, S. Africa, by same date. The post is vacant from Feb., 1958. The University reserves the right to appoint a person other than one of applicants or to make no appointment.

UNIVERSITY of Stellenbosch, Union of South Africa. Senior Lecturer in Mathematics. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned post at a salary scale of £1,050×50—£1,400 p.a., plus cost of living allowance of £234 p.a. in the case of married men. Academic qualifications and experience will be taken into account in fixing the commencing salary. The successful candidate will be expected to assist with both the undergraduate and post-graduate work in the Department. The medium of instruction at this University is Afrikaans, and the incumbent is expected to become fully conversant in this language within a period of three years. The University is prepared to refund to the successful candidate the cost of his sea passage to South Africa. Applications, together with certified copies of certificates and testimonials, as well as a complete curriculum vitae, must reach the undersigned not later than August 31, 1957. State the earliest date on which duties can be assumed. S. J. Pretorius, Registrar, The University, Stellenbosch, South Africa.

UNIVERSITY of Cape Town. Applications are invited for a Lecturer in Geography with experience in economic geography, cartography, surveying, and the conduct of laboratory and field classes. The salary scale is £850×£50—£1,200 per annum. There is also a temporary cost of living allowance for a married man (at present £234 per annum). Applications (with copies of testimonials) should state age, qualifications, experience and research work completed or in progress and give the names of two referees whom the University may consult. Two copies of the application and testimonials should reach the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1 (from whom memoranda giving the general conditions of appointment and further information about the work of the department of Geography should be obtained) not later than July 31, 1957. An additional copy should be sent direct by air mail to the Registrar, University of Cape Town, Private Bag, Rondebosch, Cape Town, South Africa, by the same date. The University reserves the right to appoint a person other than one of the applicants or to make no appointment.

UNIVERSITY of London: The Senate invites applications for the post of Resident Staff Tutor to work under the Tutorial Classes Committee. The duties include teaching classes in one or more of the subjects usually studied in W.E.A. and University Tutorial Classes, with preference for Philosophy, History or Economics, together with responsibility for organising the work in part of the London Extra-Mural area. Good academic qualifications are required and experience in adult education is desirable. Salary according to qualifications and experience on the scale of £900-50-£1,350 and then, subject to review, by annual increments of £75 to £1,650 plus £60 London Allowance, also Family Allowances, and membership of F.S.S.U. Particulars and application forms returnable by August 26 from the Director of the Department of Extra-Mural Studies (Room 245), University of London, Senate House, W.C.1. The successful candidate to commence duties as soon after 1 September as possible.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Cape Town. Applications are invited for a Senior Lectureship in Geochemistry in the Department of Mineralogy and Geology. The commencing salary (within the scale £1,200×£50—£1,500 per annum) will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the successful candidate. The appointment will be made on a temporary basis for a period of five years, during which the establishment of a permanent post will be considered. There is also a temporary cost of living allowance for a married man (at present £234 per annum). Applications should state age, qualifications and experience, and research work completed or in progress, and give the names of at least two referees whom the University may consult. Two copies of the application should reach the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1 (from whom a memorandum giving the general conditions of appointment and information on the work of the Department should be obtained) not later than 30 September, 1957. An additional copy should be sent direct by airmail to reach the Registrar, University of Cape Town, Private Bag, Rondebosch, Cape Town, South Africa, by the same date. The University reserves the right to appoint a person other than one of the applicants or to make no appointment.

UNIVERSITY College of South Wales and Monmouthshire. Applications are invited for the post of Research Assistant in the Department of Economics, to take part in research generally, but with particular reference to economic growth, and movements of capital and labour. Some knowledge of statistical methods and sources is desirable. The salary will be £675 per annum, and the appointment will date from October 1, 1957. Six copies of application, together with the names of three referees, should be sent not later than July 31, 1957, to the undersigned from whom further particulars may be obtained. E. R. Evans, Registrar, Cathays Park, Cardiff.

CITY and County of Bristol. Department of Public Health. Assistant Mental Welfare Officers (Male). Applications invited from persons who wish to enter Local Authority Mental Health Services as Assistant Mental Welfare Officers. Duties will enable persons selected to obtain experience and training to fit them to become candidates for position of Mental Welfare Officer and Duly Authorised Officer. Applicants should hold University Diploma or Certificate in Social Science or Mental Health. Salary A.P.T. I, £543 5s. by 4 increments to £625 5s. Posts superannuable; medical examination. Application forms, returnable forthwith, from R. C. Wofinden, Medical Officer of Health, Central Health Clinic, G.P.O. Box No. 201, Tower Hill, Bristol, 2.

MIDDLESEX County Council—Education Committee. Full-time Psychiatric Social Worker reqd. for child guidance work at Ealing Child Guidance Centre. Mental Health Cert. of L.S.E. or approved equivalent reqd. Prescribed conditions. P.T.A. Salary. Application forms (Stmpd. add. env.) from Borough Education Officer, 26 Castlebar Road, Ealing, W.5, returnable by August 3. (Quote V 596, N.S.N.) Canvassing disqualifies.

BRIGHTON Education Committee. Applications invited from qualified psychiatric social workers for full-time appointment. Salary £585 rising to £810 per annum; initial salary according to experience. Whitley Council conditions of service. Appl. forms, to be returned within two weeks of advertisement, and further particulars obtainable from Director of Educ., 54 Old Steine, Brighton.

WORLD Assembly of Youth. Applications are invited for the post of General Secretary to the British National Committee of W.A.Y. Commencing salary not more than £1,000—salary range between £800 and £1,200: superannuation. The appointment is open to men and women with wide experience in international affairs and British youth work. The appointment to be taken up by arrangement in the late Autumn. Applications, with curriculum vitae, to the Chairman, at No. 3 Endsleigh Street, London, W.C.1.

ESSEX. Laindon Youth Centre. Full-time Warden (man or woman) required as soon as possible. Applicants should preferably possess Degree, Social Science Diploma or Teachers' Certificate. Experience in teaching and/or youth work essential. Salary (the basis of determining this is under review) at present: £475×£25 to £900 (man) and £430×£20 to £720 plus equal pay increments (woman). Additions to both scales for "Burnham" graduation and training together with a Membership Allowance at present £45 per annum. Increments within scale allowed for teaching, war/national service, youth work and up to five years' approved previous employment. Housing would probably be made available by the Basildon Development Corporation. Details and forms (stamped addressed envelope) from Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford. Closing date August 3, 1957.

WARDEN required for Wordsley Community Centre, South Staffordshire. Salary on scale £574—£686 15s. p.a. (plus superannuation). Commencing point on scale according to qualifications and experience. Previous experience in Community Centre administration or social work of a similar nature desirable. Particulars and application form from—The National Council of Social Service, 19 Calthorpe Road, Birmingham, 15.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. requires Designer, Television, Wales. Duties include responsibility design of sets and supply of captions, pro ties, etc., for all Welsh productions, stu and outside broadcasts; supervision and or isation of work of design and scene staff cluding staff on temporary contract) so fa supply and settings are concerned; respo bility for ordering and accounting for raw materials. Essential qualifications: expe ence of design work in Television, film theatre, high standard of creative ability and accurate draughting, knowledge of scene construction, ability to design for all types programmes and to estimate in accord with budget, accurate colour percep Knowledge of Wales an advantage. Base Cardiff, but may involve visits to ass outside broadcasts. Salary £1,060 (poss higher if qualifications exceptional) risin five annual increments to £1,365 p.a. m Requests for application forms (enclo addressed envelope and quoting refere G.281 N.Stm.) should reach Appointm Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W within five days.

B.B.C. requires Producer (Telefilms), Te vision, in Wales. Duties include prep tion of complete films and film "shorts" insertion into magazine programmes. Appl cants must have professional experience direction and editing of films and be able write scripts for wide variety of film subject and to originate suggestions for film pro grammes. Knowledge of Wales desirab Based at Cardiff. Salary £1,325 (possi higher if qualifications exceptional) rising five annual increments to £1,705 p.a. ma Requests for application forms (enclos addressed envelope and quoting referen G.276 N.Stm.) should reach Appointme Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W within five days.

B.B.C. requires Production Assistant, Te vision, in Wales. Expected to contribu directly to programme content and formulati and will be required to direct cameras; t co-ordinate production teams and maint liaison with servicing departments; to ass producer in programme administration, bu geting and rehearsing and in selection of fi and direction of film sequences; to assist som producers in television presentation. Goo education and knowledge of Wales essenti Some relevant experience in Television s Sound studios, films, or theatre, and know ledge of Welsh very desirable. Based at Ca diff. Salary £1,060 (possibly higher if qua fications exceptional) rising by five annual in crements to £1,365 p.a. max. Requests fo application forms (enclosing addressed envelop and quoting reference G.280. N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

B.B.C. requires Design Assistant, Televisio in Wales. Duties include working direct to Designer, preparation of working drawing from sketches and acquisition of properties Essential qualifications: architectural and st training, quick and accurate draughting, cre tive ability, ability to do perspective and visu drawings, accurate colour perception. Know ledge of general light constructional method an advantage. Based at Cardiff. Salary £1,0 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptiona rising by five annual increments to £1,025 p.a max. Requests for application forms (enclos ing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.282 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

BBC requires Production Assistant, Tele vision Agricultural Unit in Birmingham to assist Producer in Studio, on Outside Broadcasts, and in direction of film sequences. Also required to assist in programme administration and with rehearsals, to contribute to programme rehearsal, content and formulation, and to direct cameras. Knowledge of agricul ture essential. Experience in Sound or Tele vision production desirable. Salary £1,06 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional rising by five annual increments to £1,365 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (en closing addressed envelope and quoting refer ence G.290 N.Stm.) should reach Appoint ments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

BBC requires Assistant (British) for Japanese Section, Far Eastern Service in London. Duties (under supervision of Programme Organiser) include compilation of news bulle tins, selection and editing of talks and feature material for Japanese programmes and (after training) studio production. Essential quali fications: working knowledge of spoken and written Japanese, particular interest in Far Eastern aspect of current affairs. Journalistic experience, recent knowledge of Japan, quali fication in one of the traditional arts or sports would be advantages. Salary £1,060 (pos sibly higher if qualifications exceptional rising by five annual increments to £1,365 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclos ing addressed envelope and quoting refer ence G.272 N.Stm.) should reach Appoint ments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

MADRID, October, 1957. Experienced teachers of English with knowledge of Spanish required. Reply, giving full details of qualifications, experience, etc., to Box 4032.

FULL-time Teacher in Maths., Biology and Geography required in September in a Vocational College. Write stating qualifications, etc., to 1262 London Road, S.W.16. Tel. POLlards 1354.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

COPYWRITER.

Young man (age 25-35) to work on a number of widely advertised veterinary products, both in planning and writing the campaigns. Specialized information and design services provided. Scope for ingenuity and initiative in these important campaigns, with more new lines coming up. Five-day week 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., attractive non-contributory pension scheme in operation. Please write to the Personnel Officer, Smith Kline and French Laboratories, Limited, 120 Coldharbour Lane, London, S.E.5.

B.B.C. requires News Assistant in Cardiff. Duties include preparation and broadcasting of objective and accurate reports, and collecting and editing news for use in news bulletins and programmes. Thorough knowledge of Wales and Welsh language essential. Proved journalistic experience, including good non-editorial training, and good microphone voice desirable. Salary £1,060 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,365 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 0.295 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Psychiatric Social Workers. Applications invited from persons possessing a Mental Health or other certificate recognised by the appropriate Whitley Council for whole-time, part-time or sessional appointments at the Mid-Essex Chelmsford), South Essex (Grays) and Romford Child Guidance Clinics. Nationally negotiated rates of remuneration and conditions of service. Medical examination. Post superannuable. Application form from County Medical Officer of Health, County Hall, Chelmsford. Canvassing disqualifies.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Resident Supervisor required at Remand Home for 48 boys (Junior and Senior) at Boyles Court, Brentwood. Duties include supervision of boys' occupations (including gardening) and leisure activities and generally assist with the running of the Home. Salary will be within the range of £461 5s.–£553 10s. a year according to experience, less £115 16s. 6d. emoluments. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Applications invited for the following posts at Remand Home for 19 girls near Chelmsford. (i) Teacher or Supervisor able to teach simple handwork and to provide other organised activities for girls; (ii) Supervisor to instruct and supervise girls in domestic duties in the Home. Both posts also involve general duties in connection with the welfare, occupation and supervision of the girls. Salary for qualified teacher Burnham Scale with two additional increments and payment not exceeding £180 a year for extraneous duties, less £120 board and lodging. Salary for Supervisor within range £461 5s. to £553 10s. less £115 16s. 6d. board and lodging. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

WILTSHIRE County Council. Applications invited from women holding the Home Office Certificate in Child Care and/or a Social Science Diploma for post of Child Care Officer, salary within A.P.T. I scale (£543 5s. to £625 5s.) according to qualifications and exp. Applic. forms with full details from Clerk of the Council, County Hall, Trowbridge. Returnable by July 29, 1957.

ASSISTANT Housemothers, resident required for interesting work in Children's Homes, with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or previous experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £29 0s. 10d. per month, less valuation of emoluments. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

ASSISTANT House Mother wanted at a small home in Chiswick, for fifteen children. Suitable for young woman interested in creating a homely environment. Previous experience not essential. Please reply to Mrs. Weber, 26 Hocroft Road, N.W.2.

SHORTHAND-Typist required for Child Guidance Clinic. Salary according to age on Grade A2 scale rising by annual increments to maximum of £515 p.a. plus £30 London Weighing. Applications stating age, experience and the names of two referees, to the Hospital Secretary, London Jewish Hospital, Stepney Green, E.1.

INSTITUTE of Personnel Management, 80 Fetter Lane, E.C.4. Vacancy for Records clerk-typist. The job involves responsibility for maintenance of accuracy in all phases of visible system and includes a certain amount of correspondence. Good typing essential. Pleasant friendly office. Five-day week. Luncheon vouchers. Salary range £7 10s. to £9 according to age and experience. Active middle-aged woman considered. Phone for appointment HOLborn 3456, X. 107.

THE Nature Conservancy have vacancies for Shorthand/Typists. Starting salaries between £5 12s. and £8 10s. per week according to age and experience. Additional allowances for proficiency in shorthand and typewriting. 3 weeks annual holiday, 5-day week. Pension prospects. Applications to the Establishment Officer, The Nature Conservancy, 19 Belgrave Square, London, S.W.1. BELgravia 3241.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WORKERS' Educational Association West Lancs & Cheshire District invites applications for the post of Tutor-Organiser in Preston & Lancs. Salary scale (under review) £550-£900 according to qualifications and experience. Applicants must have university degree in subject(s) appropriate to adult education. Details and application forms (to be returned not later than August 17, 1957) from F. Gallimore, B.A., District Secretary, W.E.A., 62 Hope Street, Liverpool, 1.

TEACHER of English (History Subsidiary) to G.C.E. level, wanted to commence duties September 23 or beginning October. Residential post. Salary in accordance with the National Scale for Teachers. Apply, stating qualifications and experience and giving copies of two recent testimonials, to the Headmaster, Naemoor School, Rumbling Bridge, Kinross.

WANTED in September for Boys' Preparatory School in Yorkshire a young Master to teach Mathematics to Scholarship standard. Box 3697.

LONDON, N.W.11. Full-time teacher (female, non-resident) required to prepare girl, 16, for G.C.E. Box 3591.

ANTIQUARIAN Bookselling. There is an opening in this interesting trade with a firm that has world-wide connections, in a pleasant town within 60 miles of London, for someone under 30 who has a good background of literature. Knowledge of Latin or any other language an advantage but not essential. State previous experience, or if none, good training would be given with excellent prospects. Box 3923.

PHOENIX House are looking for further assistance in their Production Department. If you have had two to three years' production experience and have gained a good knowledge of estimating, the processes used in the production of a book and a smattering of design, this position may well interest you. Please write briefly and explicitly about yourself to John Mitchell, Phoenix House, Ltd., 20 Irving Street, W.C.2.

ASSISTANT in Scientific Bookshop required. Knowledge of Russian essential. Some German an advantage. General interest in science desirable. Knowledge of typing. T.U. salary and conditions, superannuation scheme. Apply Collet's Holdings, 44-45 Museum St., London, W.C.1.

COUNTRY Bumpkins, Ltd., require research assistants to comb, at British Museum, back numbers of "The People," "Tribune," "Evening Standard" and "Sunday Express" for articles by Mr. Robert J. Edwards and by Mr. Richard Strong. Apply Country Bumpkins Ltd. East Bergholt, Suffolk.

OFFICE Secretary required by Friends East-West Relations Committee commencing October 1. Proficient shorthand typewriting essential. Applications to be marked Personal and addressed "Secretary," above Committee, Friends House, Euston Road, London, N.W.1, between August 5-15, stating qualifications, experience, references, connection, if any, Society of Friends.

PERSONAL Secretary, 25-40 years, required by General Secretary of Professional Trade Union. Appointment to commence August 26. Proficient shorthand, typing, filing, arranging engagements. Salary £577 to £687. Five-day week, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Pension Scheme. Offices near Victoria. Holiday arrangements will be honoured, with salary. Apply General Secretary, E.P.E.A., 102 St. George's Square, London, S.W.1.

BRITISH Federation of Young Co-operators invite applications for post of Organising Secretary. Applicants should have knowledge of Co-operative Movement and experience in organising education for young adults. Duties include routine office administration and executing policy of National Committee. Full details and application forms from Organising Secretary, B.F.Y.C., "Parkfield," South Ealing Road, London, W.5.

GIRLS' Club Leader required Sept. Excellent conditions, twin club, residential preferred (not essential). Salary £482 p.a. (less residence). Apply in writing giving experience and/or training to the Warden, Mary Ward Settlement, 5-7 Tavistock Place, London, W.C.1. (Tel. EUSton 1816.)

DESIGN Group, Berkeley Square area, seek personable, well-educated, self-propelled secretary with gluttony for work and tolerant sense of humour. Box 4047.

PROFESSIONAL office, Holborn, requires Secretary for Principal. This is a responsible and progressive post for an intelligent young woman. Salary £9 10s. to £10 5s. p.w. depending on qualifications. Box 4087.

SIMPSON (Piccadilly), Ltd., offer women graduates a comprehensive training for management in their Women's Shop and supporting depts. Applicants should have a real interest in fashion and a flair for organisation. Applns. in writing should be made to Personnel Manager, 34 Jermyn St., S.W.1.

PART-Time Shorthand-Typist required, West End school. Knowledge French and ability to teach shorthand-typing an advantage but not essential. Box 3846.

WE now offer attractive well-paid temporary jobs by the week or part-time in all the best districts. Let us help you to choose the one that suits you. Wigmore Secretarial Agency, 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUN. 9951.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SECRETARY/shorthand-typist for small literary office. Short hours. Ring CHA. 7762, Tuesday or Thursday or write Box 3894.

EDUCATED women wanted as temporary typists and shorthand-typists with a variety of excellent firms and public organisations. Short hours and highest salaries. Callers only. The St. Stephen's Secretariat, 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1, and 2 Broad Street Place, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2. LON. 4609.

SECRETARY shorthand/typist required with excellent German. Good salary and conditions. No Sats. English-born preferred but not essential. Box 4028.

RAILTON Secretarial Services, 22 South Molton Street, W.1, require educated shorthand and copy typists. Top rates. Congenial work. MAYfair 0928.

HAVE you tried the West End Coffee Bar Employment Bureau, 4 Macclesfield St., Shaftesbury Ave., W.1. GER. 2848 (3 lines).

BOX Office assistant, full or part-time wtd. by Irving Theatre. WHItehall 8657.

SECRETARY with good speeds for interesting post. Varied duties, some research. Graduate prefd. Salary £500. Portman Bureau, 78 George St., W.1. HUNter 0676.

INTERESTING & well-paid temporary secretarial posts with short hours for educated women. Portman Bureau, 78 George Street, W.1. HUNter 0677.

MATRON for boy & girl boarders wanted September, experienced, capable and kind. Interesting educational work. Good salary. Box 3984.

DOCTOR, widower, trying to run N.H.S. practice in industrial Lancs. town, urgently needs working housekeeper. Three children away at school. Daily help kept. Box 4055.

HOME Help required. Live in. Look after elderly lady, Cambridge. Box 3957.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

CIVIL Servant (Executive Officer), 31, male, contemplates dash for freedom. Seeks satisfying employment with scope for initiative and imagination. Box 3934.

STRUGGLING artist needs part-time work, London, evenings preferred. Skilled wrought iron worker—able engineering draughtsman, but anything consid. Box 4085.

OXFORD Graduate seeks any employment anywhere August & Sept. Box 3953.

MALE, 30. Secondary educ., able to drive, reqs. interesting job. Present job: senior vehicle fitter. Box 3963.

RESOURCEFUL nurse, S.R.N., S.C.M., 27 years, willing to work to or toward N.Z. 1958. Box 3859.

IMPECUNIOUS teacher (f.), nursing exp., reks. lucrative post August. Box 4080.

MAN, 24, Social Science Cert., seeks social work or research where initiative and originality needed. Box 3955.

GRAD. teacher (26), f., would like intg. hol. job; prepared to travel. Box 3948.

B.SC (Econs.) 26, fluent Ger., Fr., trav'd., teaching, sks. temp. post. Box 4112.

GRAD. in French (f. 29), with Soc. Science Cert. & experience, sks. prac. Soc. work where hard hand & brain work reqd., with foreigners, or others. Box 4070.

EMPLOYERS seeking able office staff, m. or f., are invited to consult Stella Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, W.C.2. TEM. 6644.

ENERGETIC displayman with wide experience sks. progressive post. Box 3927.

WHERE TO STAY

SEPTEMBER Holidays at congenial, small Private Hotel recomm. by N.S. rdrs. and others. 6/8½ gns., incl. full board, early tea, coffees, fresh fruit, baths & beach hut. No gratuities. Twin beds; h. & c.; Slmbrlnds. 2 comftble. Lounges. Vegtn. if desired. Informative brochures (illus.). Normanhurst, Seafront, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex. Best posn. 3-mile Prom., facing full Sth. Nr. Sun-Lounge (orchestra). Hastings 4784.

A RESTFUL holiday in the peace & quiet of the Herts. countryside. "Newlands," Langley Hill, Kings Langley, provides the ideal holiday from 10 gns. inclusive. Tel.: Kings Langley 2519.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on & off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country. 5s. post free from Victor Hilton (N.S.), Harbourside, Torquay.

ROTTINGDEAN, Brighton. Famous seaside village. Old Norton House, on the Green, offers imaginative food, tasteful atmosphere and full cent. heating. From 8½gns. Broch. Tel. 3120. Prop. D. Chapman, M.P.

CHANTRY Mead, Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263) for holidays on lovely Herts-Essex border. Walking, cycling, motoring or just resting. Good food a speciality.

800FT. up. Cott., Cumberland fells. Hol. guests welcome. July/Sept. Box 3525.

COUNTRY-lovers. A peaceful holiday in Artist's charming Devon cott. Heather Cottage, Higher Metcombe, Ottery St. Mary.

CORNWALL. Writer's wife welcs. guests. Raffeen Cottage, Fowey, 6½-7 gns. wkly.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

TOO late to book up? Not if you contact Point House, Riverside Road, Noss Mayo, nr. Plymouth. Welcome awaits guests from July 27 in old-world house on River Yealm bank in glorious surroundings. Easy travelling to Plymouth, Torquay, Kingsbridge. H. & C. From 7½gns. weekly or B. & B.

OLD Jordans Hostel, near Beaconsfield, Bucks. Quaker Conference Centre and Guest House. In unspoilt rural setting amidst the Chilterns. London only 22 miles. Ideal holidays for those who prefer unhurried time and refreshment of mind and spirit. Some family accomm. still avail. Brochure & terms from Warden, or Jordans 2186.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully & remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains nr. Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts, very good food & fires. Friendly & Informal, 6/7gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw, Llanwrst 166.

KESWICK. Visit Highfield Veget. Guest Hse., The Heads. Beaut. scenery, gd. food, friendly atmosphere. Tel. 508.

THAMESIDE Beauty Spot for your holidays. Croft House, Burcot, Nr. Oxford. Tennis, Boating, Club Lic. A.A., R.A.C.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise, Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms & brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

FLORENCE, Central quiet flat. Sun terrace. English welcome. 2,200 lire includes breakfast, dinner, wine & taxes. Highly recommended. Sertorio, Via S. Reparata 42.

ENGADIN. Alpine village offers restful holiday amidst lovely flowers. Comf. accom., delicious food, mod. terms. Hotel Meisser, Guarda, Engadin, Switzerland.

FOOD AND DRINK

GREAT Wall Chinese Restaurant, 33 Oxford St., W.1. GERrard 4713, for the best Chinese food in London. Parties catered for in our Dragon Gate Banqueting Room. Exquisite Chinese handicrafts, brocades, etc., from our ground floor boutique.

MEMBERS of the Good Food Club (President Raymond Postgate, membership now 40,000) recommend in The Good Food Guide 1957-8 the restaurants, inns and hotels in Britain where you can rely on good food, good service and reasonable charges. This famous Guide's reputation for complete independence is strictly maintained. 1957-8 Edition available from all bookshops and stationers at 7s. 6d. Published by Cassell.

ANGRY young men: before you write one more angry young novel, do try a glass or two of Duff Gordon's El Cid Sherry. Very, very soothing. Integrates you.

TRUST a woman to tempt your appetite with Burgess's Anchovy paste on buttered toast. Scrumptious!

JOIN the Army of people who daily enjoy their meals with Rayner's Indian Mango Chutney—from all good grocers.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

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